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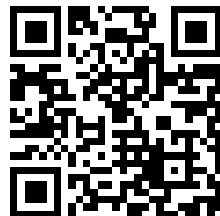


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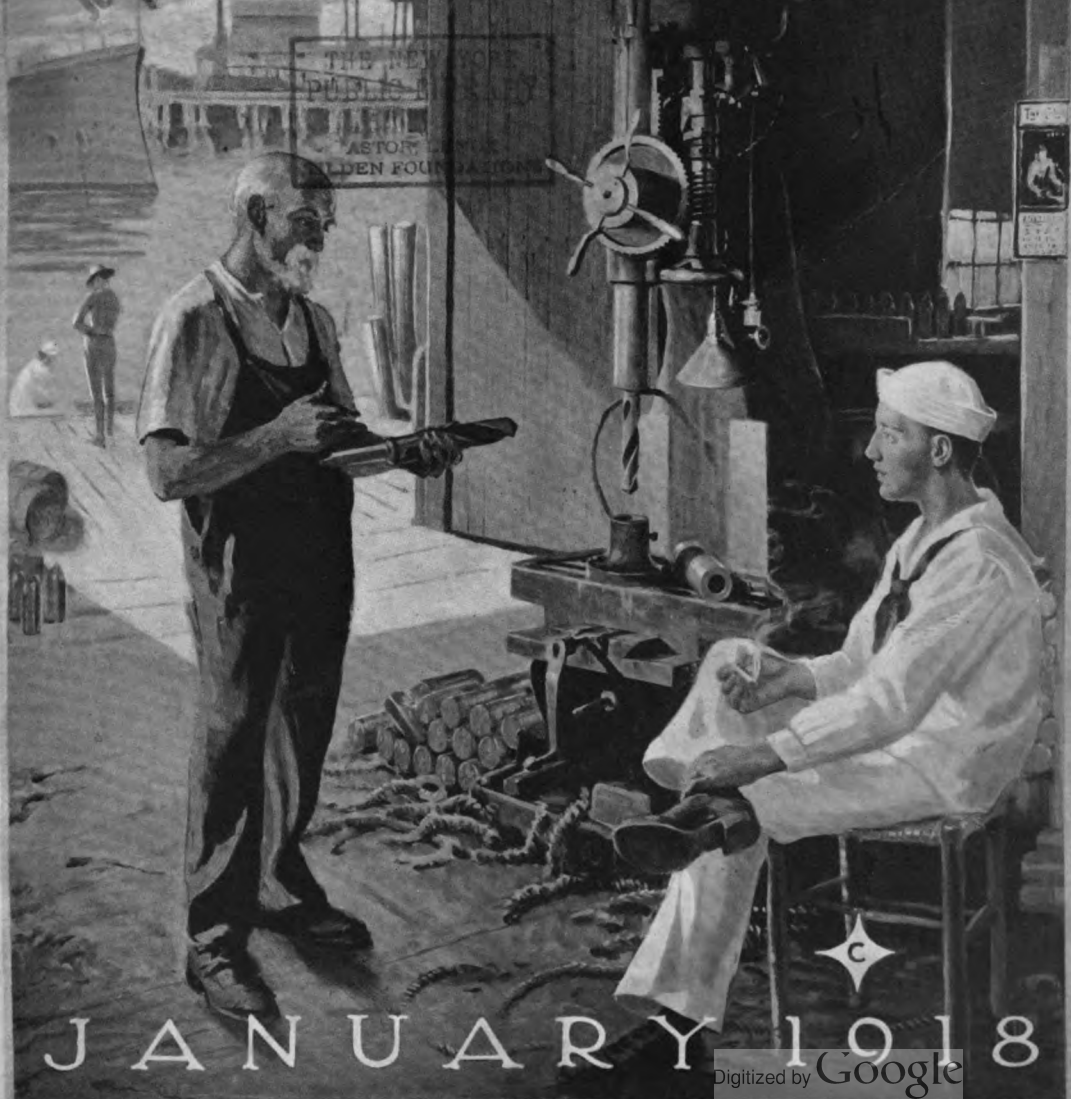




Vol. 8 No. 1

DRILL CHIPS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



JANUARY 1918



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Why wait
'till then?

BEFORE THIS
MONTH IS OUT
YOU'LL SWEAR YOU'LL
GET AN



SCREW EXTRACTOR SET

• PAT. 1914 •

DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
"CLEVELAND" DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*

Ten Cents

per Copy

C. H. Handerson, Editor

OH, FOR A MOSES!

IT IS rightly rumored that this is no nice time for promiscuous chewing of the ear of government. We, for one, have liberally lambasted a couple of self-anointed Governmental Ear Chewers with gratifying results.

In our estimation, if nothing of moment is the matter, now is a very opportune moment to *forget* it. Likewise we believe that when something of importance is wrong, if you have no specific and practical remedy at hand, that it is both polite and politic to hie yourself out into a vacant alley for your vocal practice.

But, on the other hand, we are not party to a certain bunch of ostriches, parading around as patriots, who preach the doctrine of muffled and veiled silence as a cure for all our ailments. We believe, when something of importance is wrong, that it is no mark of a patriot to keep

Page One



No.
403



H. S.
Taper
Shank
Drill



No.
407



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Blacksmiths'
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's

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demurely silent,
if one has a
suitable remedy
on tap.

Ergo the fol-
lowing —



From time to
time we have
heard little ru-

mors drifting down the street with the
cigarette smoke—rumors of delays, un-
necessary delays, in obtaining equipment
for our army in the field or in the camp.

Some of these rumors—the nastiest
of them—may be traced to a well-defined
propaganda of no uncertain origin. Some
of them, perhaps, are true—indeed it
would be one of the eighth wonders of
the world if some of them were *not* true,
for there is no man on this earth or the
next who could have assumed the task
assumed by our War Department on
April 6th last, and lived to present a 100
per cent perfect report at the end of the
first year.

On April 6th our little old War De-
partment—geared and equipped for nice
boulevard travel—had suddenly thrown
upon it the necessity of making a cross-
country marathon. Within the first few
months of the new order of things, it
spent, with a remarkably high degree of
efficiency, more money than most of Mr.
Bradstreet's finest spend in *three hundred*

years — and that's a mathematically correct comparison, my friend.

The chap that sits on the fence and carps and complains of minor inequalities ought to be invited to demonstrate that he is a modern Aladdin, a Daniel come to judgment. That little War Department did what they had to do with a minimum of fuss, and in enviable shape. When it is considered that they had nothing on April sixth last but their birthday suits and a handbag, their record stands without a parallel in the annals of accomplishment.

But the first flush of eager, hurried preparation is past. We are settling down into the hard grind of unremitting effort, when every ounce of energy must produce its pound of results. Many little blemishes and faults are creeping out into the light — imperfections of organization they are, that can best be remedied now before they widen into gaping flaws.

And in the forefront of these shortcomings, born of our maddening haste, is the injustice of the relative position of our old-line army officers and the horde of newly-born lieutenants, majors, etc., who have risen from a civilian's garb to the gilded glory of a commission within the twinkling of an eye.

This system of transforming civilians into commissioned army officers was an *expedient*, pure and simple—a necessary expedient—but we hope that it, like all expedients, will have a short and useful life—with ample



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'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's



twenty minutes
after their
arrival in Washington.



accent on the
"short," for it
is a gross and
ever-growing in-
justice to our
army men, who
have arrived at
their exalted
stations
through years
of tedious toil,

to be faced by men who have gained the same distinction twenty minutes after their arrival in Washington.

We technical men and manufacturers, who offer our services to the Government, have no right to trespass upon the army uniform. It cheapens the uniform — not because we new-arrivals in it are cheap, but because *we manufacturing men stand for nothing that belongs in an army uniform*. The khaki cloth stands for *fighters*—not manufacturers.

We manufacturers marshal and deploy steel, iron and similar *raw* products. The true army man marshals and deploys the *finished* results of our efforts. We play with the *elements* of the fighting machine. They play with the *finished* machines. We are the oil-stained creators—the mechanics. They are the chauffeurs, and we mere mechanics should not go gallivanting around in chauffeurs' uniforms. To mix the two jobs under one and the same label is to form a dangerous compound from two very innocent ingredients.

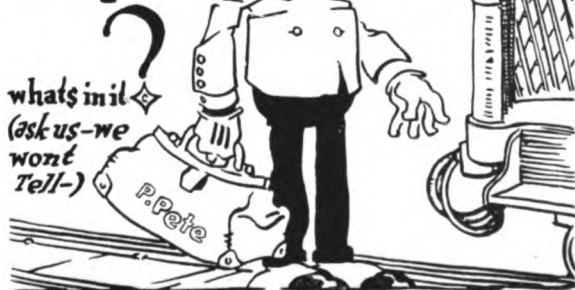
But why did we do it in the first place?

Our Congress, in its wisdom, decreed that our Ordnance Department could employ only a comparatively limited number of civilians at a salary of over \$1800.00 a year. Yet the civilians *most needed* by our Ordnance Department must sacrifice tremendously in accepting a salary three, four or even five times that sum. Therefore, in order to get the proper men, with the proper authority, on the books *at all*, army commissions had to be given out in gross lots, and "lieutenants" and "majors" cropped up everywhere, until there was a flourishing forest of gold braid where there had been but a bleak plain the day before.

And what was the result? Just this. The decisions of these newly created officers — decisions

**Because It's Worth Knowing
We Tell You Confidentially**

**P. Pete
is Coming
With His
Grip-**



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'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Patents



based on years of hard-won experience in producing multiple parts—had to be passed upon, officially authorized, and the responsibility for their correctness assumed by simon-pure army officers of higher rank—but

totally unfamiliar with the manufacturing side of army life, as it is now constituted. Thus, by pouring the fighting men and the production men all into a single uniform, we threw the entire responsibility for the ultimate success or failure of all militant manufacturing upon the army proper.

In short, we manufacturers were compelled to magnificently “pass the buck” for quantity production of army products to men trained only in the proper use of these products—and, as we have pointed out, there is a vast difference between a manufacturer and the user of any product.

It redounds to the very great credit of these army officers that they passed through the ordeal in the manner that they have. Certainly our civilian “majors” would not have handled themselves as magnificently if they had been asked to do such a simple piece of army work as to surround a chicken coop with a company of fighters.

But the sullen grind is ahead, when every trace of uncertainty, injustice and inefficiency must be removed. Responsibilities must rest—not on shoulders of men unfamiliar with them—but upon shoulders



accustomed to the burden by a lifetime of experience, and these army men—seasoned as they are in trench and saddle—could do their country more good by far, were they freed entirely from the petty details of manufacturing to devote their entire time to preparation for the trial that is to come.

We manufacturing men have been forced by Congress's shortsighted system to rush in and usurp, in a day, the honor of a uniform that it has taken army men *years* to earn, and then we, in turn, have forced *them* to assume the final responsibility for everything—fighting and manufacturing alike.

—And the result has been delay, delay in preparation, delay in execution, delay in production. And delay spells but one thing—prolongation of the war and of the agony and death which it brings with it. Therefore it is deserving of attention.

This delay, perhaps, has been necessary—a *necessary inconvenience*. Its disadvantages have been somewhat counterbalanced by momentary advantages of the system which gave it birth. *Blame for past delay should rest on no shoulders whatsoever*. But the dark finger of accusation should be pointed with no uncertainty if, on January first *next*, the same retarding influences are in effect. Because delay spells death, it should not be countenanced from the moment a way is discovered to avoid it and its train of evil followers.

We have England's experiences to guide us. Why, therefore, should



deserving of attention



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H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's

The Meanest Job in the
As Easy as Windin

The nastiest of all jobs—removing a broken screw—is no job at all, *if* you have an



SCREW EXTRACTOR SET

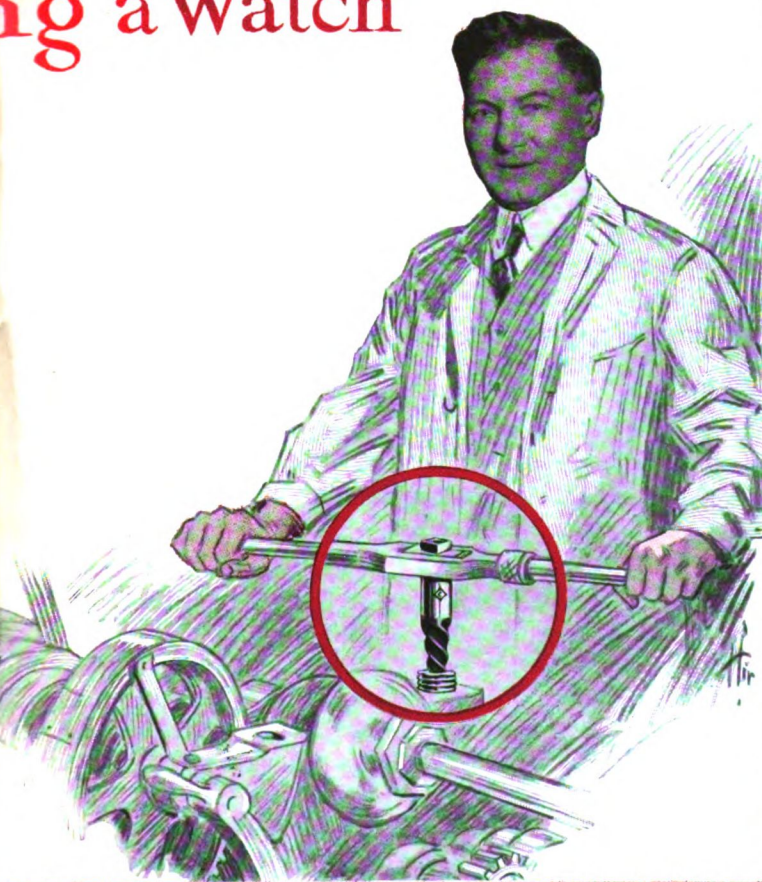
(Pat. 1914)

Just drill a hole in the broken section, slip in an “Ezy-Out,” slap on a tap wrench and **twist**—and out comes the broken part, ***on its own threads***, and the job’s done.

Ask Your Dealer to
Show You “Ezy-Out.”
There’s a Set for Every
Sort and Size of Work.

“The Best Way Out”
Describes and Illustrates
the Three “Ezy-Out”
Sets. Send for it.

the Shop-Is ing a Watch



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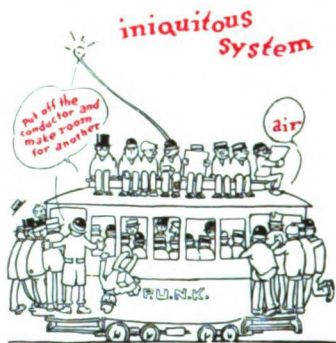
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Drills
Hold
World's



not our *first* year of war be equal in results to England's glorious *third*? If not our *first* year, then why may not our *second*, on which we are approaching, at least equal England's *third* in both effort and result?

But enough of abstract questioning. The present iniquitous system, with all its injustice to our army men, was born to *fill an emergency*. It was not—I hope—born to stand

the terrific, unrelenting pace of modern warfare. It was intended, I believe, to be but a creature of a moment, to be replaced by a more practical and lasting structure the moment its usefulness had been fulfilled.

And now the immediate emergency is past. In the light of our own experience to date, let us get down to a better realization of war's true meaning—let us realize that war is fifty per cent fight and fifty per cent production, and then, realizing this, let us get down to enormous and unceasing *production* of the engines of war through which, and through which only, peace can come.

Our War Department, in justice to itself, should divorce itself from the mere *producing* of wartime materials. Its concern should be only in their *use*. Our present method is contrary to England's hard-won and blood-tinged experience. It is contrary to good business practice—for seldom, if ever, are the sales and manufacturing departments of a modern business under one and the same jurisdiction, *and the fighting man in khaki is indeed the sales end of our War Department*. He it is that *places* the goods. He need be interested in them *only insofar as these goods function properly and arrive in proper quantity*.

He—this salesman extraordinary—should not be bothered with *how* his products are made, or *where*, or *when*, or of *what material* even. If the product *functions* properly, if it *does the work* for which



it was designed, if it is delivered in the *quantity* desired, he—the salesman—should be left to rest in peace.

To clutter up his specialized brain, to cobweb his energies with details of *production*, is to take this same brain and energy from the mightiest problem on earth—the *placing of the product*. It is unfair to him, it is unfair to the vast company he represents—the vast company of one hundred million stockholders—U. S. A.

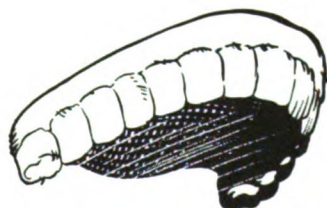
England's Haig and Byng are bothered not at all by thoughts of her 4,000 or more munition shops. They know not, I dare say, and are not *asked* to care whether a shrapnel fuse has five or five hundreds threads per inch. They only ask, "How many shells that will function properly can you give us?"

The result of this time-tested system of wartime administration is that England, today, makes *every twenty-four hours* as many small munitions as she made in *one entire year* under the old and discarded regime. The result of this modern system of wartime administration in England is that *in one week* she makes as many machine guns as she did in the *whole first year* of this great struggle.

Does a system backed by such facts, backed by the acid test of Verdun and Cambrai—does such a system need any further proof that a strictly departmentalized War Department is the thing with which to win a war?

Yet it is the old regime under which we are now laboring. It was brought into being on April sixth for a purpose. It *belonged on April sixth*, because there was no other system ready at hand. It was born to bridge a yawning gap—to form a nucleus. That was nine months ago. The gap of emergency has closed—the nucleus is still there.

It is time that we production men developed ourselves and removed the burden of production from our "sales" department. Their task is not our task. We are strangers to it and should remain



*-it was born to bridge
a yawning gap*

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Page Eleven



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436



H. S.
Blacksmiths'
Drill



No.
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H. S.
Bonding
Drill



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H. S.
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so. Our task is not their task, though we have made it so.

Our army should not need to think of gauges, jigs and fixtures; steel, powder and iron in the rough should not be their cares; their interest, their responsibilities, should lie in the *finished* product; their worries should focus only on the proper placement of—the *finished* shell, the *finished* gun, the *finished* ammunition.

They need not worry for production. America's producing genius has already won its spurs and proved itself in its creation of an aero engine, of magnificent performance, within the space of some 72 hours from brain to blueprint. Our producing ability needs no guarantee. It is there—it has been weighed and found flawless, and it is ready, waiting and eminently willing.

But will it realize its possibilities *in time*? Will it realize its responsibilities *in time*? Will it unload from the shoulders of our grizzled veterans of the field the irksome weight of blueprint, caliper and compass, that these same fighting men may turn their all to *placing* shells and guns and aeroplanes where each will best emphasize the force behind the American Nation's great creed—that government of, for and by the people shall not perish from the earth?

Will we production men realize our responsibilities in time?

AIN'T IT 'ELL TO BE POPULAR ?

THE call for our new calendar, "*The Men Behind the Gun*," has exceeded any previous year's demand. We've had an extra quantity run off and are filling unfilled requests as fast as human hands can wield the glue brush on the labels.

The above is a polite preliminary to the statement that if you would like additional copies of our calendar for the shop or office please let us know *at once* as our surplus supply is dwindling rapidly, and we hardly think the poor thing will last the week out.



PROPAGANDA

BECAUSE of our December issue's gloomy forecast, concerning the possible results of a Russian collapse—which, you will note, took place according to schedule and for the reasons outlined—we have been accused of criminal pessimism.

In our time we have been accused of a lot of things, and most of them we have granted with the sweet serenity which characterizes a beautiful disposition, and we will grant the accusation of pessimism.

But one accusation we will *not* grant. One accusation brings the blood to our optics and a Scotch lash to our tongue. That one accusation is that pessimism aids and abets the German cause.

We readily grant that we are pessimistic, because we *are* pessimistic—pessimistic of ever getting the American people awakened to the fact that today the war is not a million miles away, but is nestling coyly, in a foxy package, on our very doorsteps.

Read what Samuel Hopkins Adams says in *Everybody's* for December:

"Today the whole United States is in the trenches. (Get the location, please.) The Germans have brought the war to America—had brought it, indeed, long before our formal declaration—by plotting, by intrigue, by sabotage on a grand scale, by slaughter on land and sea. It is in vain to prate of 'America first' and urge that our men be held in this country in case the Germans come across and attack us. They have already done it. They are doing it today; and their continuing systematized propaganda of poison for the American mind, distilled through the press, is aiding in the work."

And baseless optimism likewise is "aiding in the work." Baseless optimism is a camouflage for the real conditions. It hides them in a blanket of bunk under which the clever contrivings of our enemy find a warm and healthy housing.

Optimism!!! We are fed to bursting on



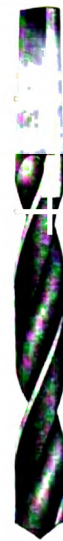
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'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Patent



a rank and baseless brand of optimism. It was such stuff that lost the battle of Bull Run for the Federals and the battle of the Marne for the Germans. If we were a college professor, we might drag in some other places where baseless optimism did its dirty work.

Blind optimism and mutual back-patting remind us of a variety of so-called rat "food" which consumes a rat that feeds thereon. I speak knowingly of this brand of rat nourishment, having just swept up the earthly remains

of a few rodents who ate not too wisely but too well of this optimistic-looking provender.

Rank conceit, baseless optimism—it is the greatest emasculator in the world. It softens the flesh as it tints the cheeks. It flushes the skin while it weakens the sinews. It is another national tuberculosis, for the cure of which we ought to be subscribing.

What right have we to be optimistic when German propaganda can work its harm thousands of miles from the battle-fronts? When we see the German beating us *in our own homes*, how can we brag concerning our ability to beat him at the bigger game in France?

The German and his aborted Kultur will not be stamped out in Europe until we stamp out its lively life *in America*, and, if you need better evidence of this life than the following, I can give it to you—and here I quote from *Town Topics* of local fame:

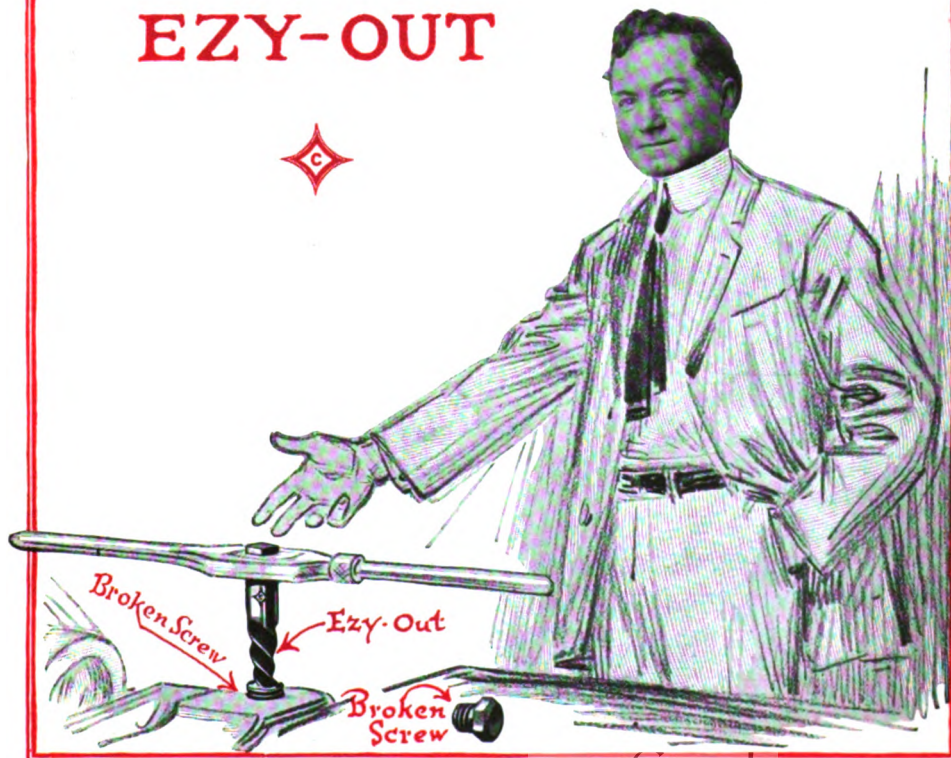
"A few weeks ago a story went the rounds in Cleveland to the effect that the government food department was about to search private houses and confiscate canned goods and other small stock of food supplies held for winter use by private families. One man heard this story from three different sources and took the trouble to inquire from the government officials whether it was true.

"That story was set afloat *in a circular* mailed to a large number of people. On the first reading, the circular *seemed to be harmless*. The average reader might have supposed that the government sent it out to make inquiries



*"Go ahead
and try it"*

EZY-OUT



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Champion



regarding the supplies carried in cellars by private families. Yet it suggested the idea that the government would confiscate these supplies, and that was the mischief in the letter. It was pro-German propaganda to arouse dissatisfaction with the government. "Since the managers of the pro-German campaign have had to be cautious, they have adopted several insidious methods of causing trouble. They send out letters and circulars that have not upon them the marks of the pro-German cause, but that insinuate and hint at things that cause dissatisfaction and

criticism of the government. They also use want "ads" to sow discord. For instance, want "ads" were inserted in the papers of a certain community, calling for workmen who belonged to Christian churches to do government work. It happened that this was a community of people of foreign extraction, who did not belong to the American Christian churches, and the inference was that the government was playing favorites in religious matters.

"The government officials are closely following up these advertisements and seeking the people who are putting them out and causing trouble."



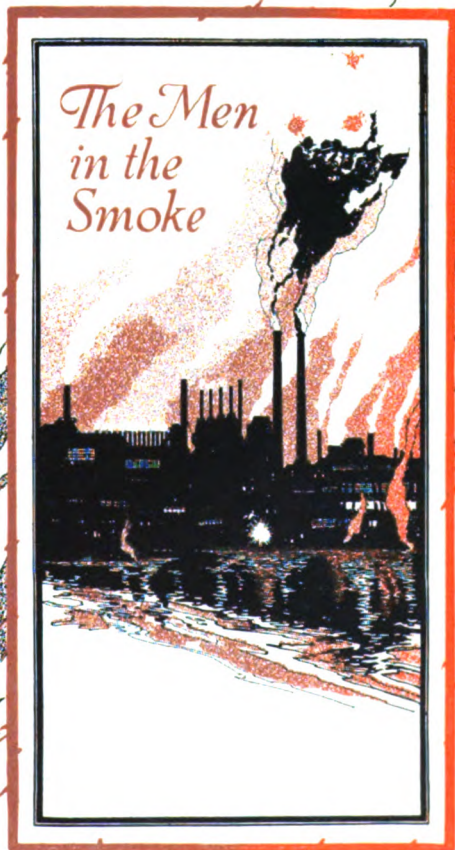
FOR THE ABUNDANCE OF
YOUR COURTESIES DURING THE PAST YEAR
WE ASK YOU TO ACCEPT
OUR SINCERE THANKS

THE FUTURE
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GAUGE, BUT MAY IT BRING
TO YOU AND YOURS HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND
THE FULFILLMENT OF ALL YOUR HOPES
AND
TO OUR BOYS IN THE TRENCHES
VICTORY, PEACE AND THE UNSWERVING LOYALTY
OF THESE UNITED STATES

Ask your dealer for a copy of
The Men in the Smoke

IT will help you to frame
your purchasing policy
by suggesting what ap-
pears, at this time, to be
the only available solution
for the delivery problem.

Any "Cleveland" Dealer
Will be Glad to Send
You a Copy.





EZY-OUT

SCREW EXTRACTOR

(PAT. 1914)

Send for
*"The Best Way Out
its interesting"*

IT'S IN THE STARS

You can't escape it—
Sooner or later you'll
wish you had a set of

EZY-OUT
Screw Extractors

(Patented 1914)

The wise won't wait
till then, however—

Are You Wise or —
Just Otherwise ?

THE CLEVELAND TWIST DRILL CO.

NEW YORK CLEVELAND CHICAGO

FEBRUARY

1918

LEMOX
UNDATIONS



DRILL CHIPS

Gentlemen —

We take pleasure
in announcing that
our next issue will
be edited by —

P. Pete, Himself*

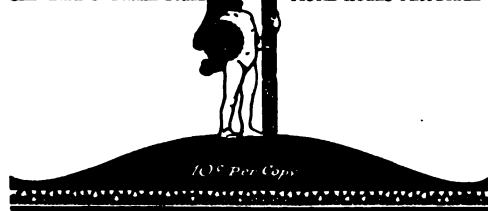


*This is fair warning.
Be prepared for the
worst.

DRILL CHIPS

learned Monthly to the Elect as
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL

an apostle of the doctrine that
MORE HOLES PER DRILL



C. H. Henderson, Editor

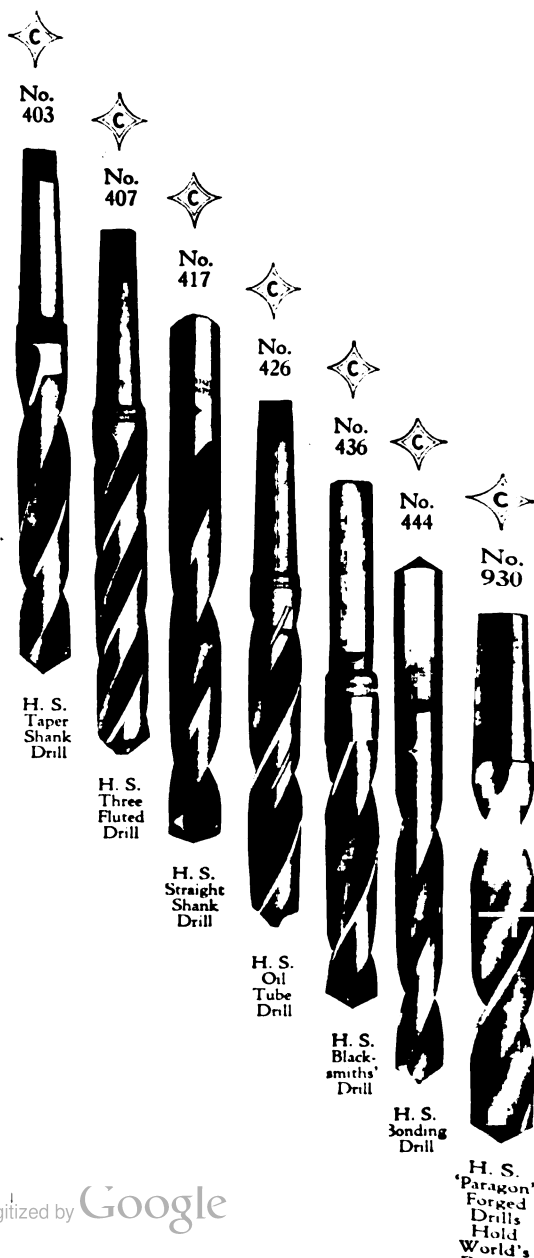
WHOSE WAR?

IF THE Government should please to open the pantry door but just the merest trifle, a big bunch of Nuts would roll out, and we would once again hear their lying yell, "This is a rich man's war!"

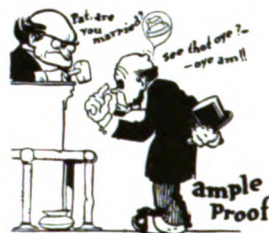
I remember hearkening to this very statement early last spring upon our Public Square, and the author of it went to the uttermost ends of his red-shirted oratory to prove his fool contention.

The mere fact that we no longer *hear* such misstatements means nothing. The mere fact that we no longer *see* them boldly displayed in our foreign press is no proof that they are not made in private. In fact, we have good reason to believe that similar assertions are daily occurrences at the breakfast tables of some who style themselves "Americans."

The tremendous vote polled in our recent elections by sponsors of this and



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similar allegations is ample proof that treasonable sentiment still flourishes clandestinely in our midst, and only awaits the secrecy of the bal-

lot box to find expression for its craven self.

Just for the sake of merriment let's admit that this *is* a rich man's war. Let's admit that he of the cord-tired equipage *longed* for more worlds to conquer, more laws to comply with, more investigations to undergo. Let's admit that the rich man had sounded the very bottoms of our little domestic market, and, in order to open up new possibilities and new troubles, be-thought himself of War as a fitting and expeditious method of accomplishing his ends.

If this *is*, in truth, a rich man's war, these same rich men, who are sometimes said to have willed it, are the most monumental fools that ever breathed the breath of life. If this is indeed a war willed only by the rich men, the confines of our monkey houses are far too elegant a housing for them—for list ye to what has happened to these rich men since April sixth last.

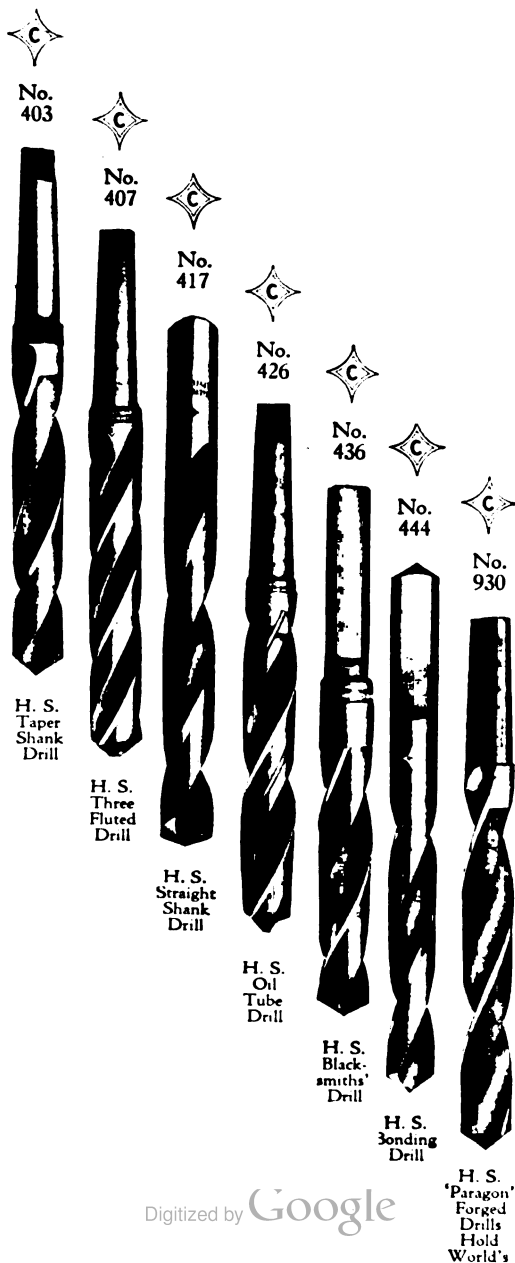
In a little town, not a hundred miles from here, lives and labors an honest contractor. He started in life as a humble

carpenter. Then, by dint of sweat and skill, he prospered, and finally capitalized at \$100,000. As the years rolled by, he built himself a monument of fame and a credit at the bank that would make your eyes bulge out in honest envy.

Then, in the fall of 1917, came his Big Opportunity — the Government desired a huge plant for the manufacture of aeroplanes or some such commodity. Our contractor was selected as the man to do the job. Nay more — the job was well nigh thrust upon him. The total cost was around a million dollars. The profit ten per cent. But, to swing it, he had to mortgage his shirt and borrow \$150,000 from the bank for temporary financing.

By the end of 1917 he has turned an aggregate profit of approximately \$100,000. This he reinvested, almost to a cent, in Liberty Bonds. None the less his profit for the year represented a naughty 100 per cent on his capital, and, therefore, he must pay his Government \$47,750 for money he made almost at their behest, for money that they are now using and would not have had but for his years of thrift and honesty. Yet some would tell you this is a rich man's war.

Again — nearby, is a manufacturer. Three years ago he was but a pin prick upon the map of manufacturing. Today he is a sizable star upon this same map. He is a rich man — grown rich in two years. Surely he is one of those fiends who wished this war





upon us. But, before we brand him with the mark of Cain, let us inquire into his position.

In 1917 his net profits were some \$100,000. This sum he re-invested in new and larger build-

ings and elaborate and expensive equipment. (Oh, he was a canny cuss and longed for more war and more munition contracts. Oh yes, he did. Those new buildings prove it. That \$50,000 that he borrowed from the bank to finance further expansion proves his greed for gold. But then the war came—this war he wished upon us—and he offered his enlarged facilities to his country. Just see his greed! Note how he lets his peacetime customers go galley west that he may the better serve the God of Mars.)

All that listens well, but let's see what *actually* happened to this rich man. Because he had prospered in 1917, his Government had \$150,000 worth of equipment at its command which it would not otherwise have enjoyed. Because he had planned both well and wisely, the Government and Democracy is the richer by several hundred shells per day. Everyone—you and I and all of us—are the safer because of this rich man's profit. All of us are richer because of his success—all of us *except this rich man who*



All
High Speed
Steel

Look at the Scales

On them is a High
Speed Reamer
Weighing $13\frac{1}{4}$ Pounds

That's \$3.50 Worth
of High Speed Steel
— — — mostly wasted,
because only the
blades should be of
high speed steel.

The \$3.00 worth of high
speed steel in the *body*
is *worse than wasted*,
because — —

FOR THE ANSWER FOLLOW
THE CROWD TO PAGE NINE



No.
407



No.
417



No.
426



No.
436



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



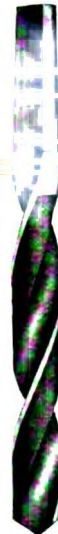
H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



H. S.
Blacksmiths'
Drill



H. S.
Boring
Drill



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Record



"willed the war." He, poor fish, is working on Government contracts at a meager ten per cent, and he must labor night and day at his present rate of profit for over a year and a half in order to pay only his war taxes.

And then, should this wished-for war abruptly cease, his trade will have forgotten him while he labored for his Government; his \$100,000 profit, invested in equipment, upon which he has been slaving to pay taxes, will have lost much of its sudden value of today, much that he gained in 1917 will remain a white elephant upon his hands, a funeral reminder of the excess profits tax *which he has still to earn.*

If this rich man actually willed the war, there is no insane asylum insane enough to hold him.

If this is, in truth, a rich man's war, if our great industries did *will* this war upon us for their own selfish purposes, why does one of our greatest steel companies allow itself to be separated from seven of its twelve million profits in order to pay the cost of the war it is accused of willing? If it actually planned the war, it surely would have been clever enough to pass the burden elsewhere.

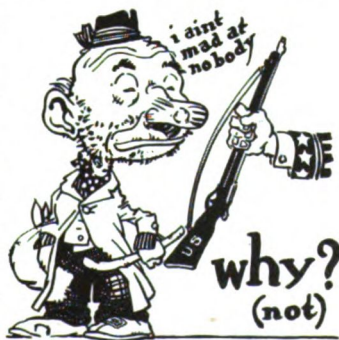
Did our rich men—did these men who have risen in the world by dint of unusual foresight and ability—did all these men of whom we have been wont to brag so loudly, did they all and all at once go stark and staring mad? It seems hardly likely that such



a brainstorm could have swept the country and yet, all the way from our inconspicuous little contractor to the immense corporation, they find themselves stuck to the eyes in the financial glue of war-time taxes—and still some professional warblers would maintain that this is a rich man's war.

If they are right in their contention, why do we find well-established concerns borrowing working capital at exorbitant interest rates? Why are world-famous steel companies selling their short time notes at radical discounts in order to obtain money? If this is a rich man's fight, why are rich men taking Government business at only a little paper profit and still less real profit? If this is a war of Wealth's own making, why is Wealth building expensive buildings at exorbitant prices—buildings that will be worth but forty or fifty per cent of their present value the day peace is declared—why are they taking this tremendous risk for the little profit allowed by Government business?

If the classes of our land did in truth long and hope for these bellicose days, why do we find them giving so unstintingly of their worldly goods? Why do we find them giving so uncomplainingly of something far nearer and dearer—their sons? Why do we find the roll of war's new lieutenants and captains nothing short of a replica of Dun and Bradstreet's columns? Why do we find these same rich men forsaking ten, twenty and twenty-five thousand dollar salaries to serve their country



No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



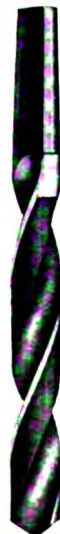
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444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's

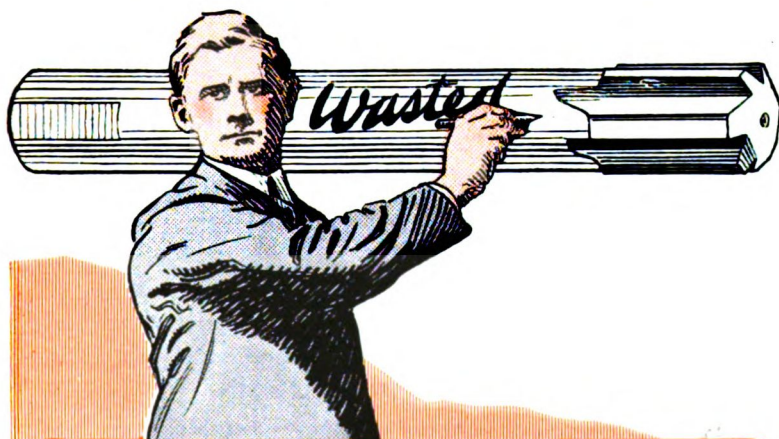


at one bone per annum?
O ye who would go to
any end to besmirch the
name of those who have won
fortune fairly!! If this
is a rich man's war, as you
maintain, why is it the rich
man who is *paying* for it in
both blood and money, while
you and your ilk skulk
amongst the alleyways and

cemeteries where neither tax collector nor recruiting officer
may find you?

If this war was evolved in the subtle brain of Business,
why has Business shouldered all the burden? If it is
indeed a commercial battle, as some would like us to believe,
why has commerce been the first to suffer and you the first
to gain? If this is, in truth, a rich man's struggle, why is
it the rich man—and not yourselves—who is short by so
many million at the end of the first year, why is it the
rich man who has been the one to spend, and give, and
slave, for no recompense or return while you scream the
propaganda "Hoard—hoard—hoard" and in other ways
do your little utmost to strangle the very thing that keeps
you, the very thing that is now fighting humanity's battle
to protect you—I refer to Business, the Business of our
poor rich men?





A Body of High Speed Steel Subtracts From the Life of the Tool

HIGH speed steel is too brittle for use in the *body* of a reamer. Use tough alloy in the body, and high speed steel in the *blades*, and you'll have a reamer that will be almost unbreakable, and it will cost less to manufacture

THAT IDEAL HIGH SPEED REAMER
APPEARS ON PAGE FIFTEEN



No.
426



No.
436



No.
444



No.
930



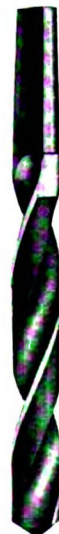
H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's



TOUGH TALK



WHILE Mr. McAdoo hasn't called me into conference on the matter (as yet), I have a deep suspicion that they're firing up for another run of the Liberty Loan Limited.

If history repeats itself on this occasion, the first stroke of the bell will be a signal for a lot of brave and boisterous talk, concerning what "gosh dinged devils" we Americans really are when it comes to patriotic matters.

The nightly council of national strategy, meeting over in Pete's place, will loudly recall how we oversubscribed the first loan and how our second endeavor went over the top without tightening its galluses. This formality having been rehearsed for the hundredth time, the meeting will meander homeward, boasting boisterously en route of our marvellous prowess with the almighty dollar.

Unquestionably most of us are laboring under the impression that we've done a most praiseworthy deed when we've merely floated a "dinky" little Liberty Loan. We run around and pat each other on our patriotic backs; we wear flags all up and down our fronts, like the soubrette in the last act; in our windows we hang huge conservation posters that shut out the light and force us to use more gas—oh, we go through all sorts of horrid privations to prove our patriotism, and the terrible part of it is this—all our howling and heaving and hawing is needless—absolutely needless.

We could fight for a whole year like a fiend incarnate, and that without having any old Liberty Loan at all, if we'd only seriously get down to business and cut out waste. Waste!! Gad, how I do hate that word! I never heard of it at all until about a year or so ago, and now, before I even know its real meaning, the poor thing is all dilapidated and unpopular from much parading around in public.



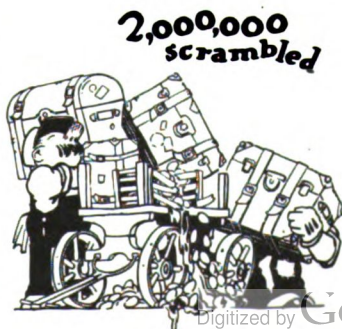
We've been told so often, within the last twelve months, that we are the most improvident of all nations that we now take some glory in the fact; we've had it pointed out to us innumerable times that we have only 108 savers per thousand population while Italy has 228, England 302, Germany 317, and France 346. There is nothing new in that story either—it's so threadbare with use that it hardly causes even passing comment amongst us prodigals, who yearly throw enough good grub to the birdies and the fishes to keep Willy and Nicky and all the other Apostles of Divine Right in cigarettes, gasoline, and private padded cells indefinitely.

Waste! Why, we're the chaps who perfected the process. And what fools we are! Just listen to this— We make a great hullabaloo about unlocking our lockless pockets in order to buy rifles and similar Kultur Cures for our selective soldiery. And even as we clink our coin upon the counter we carelessly allow enough of our buildings to burn to buy 11,500,000 such rifles. And yet we have the impudency to chatter glibly about our wartime thrift. Ye gods!

Even such confessedly commercial institutions as our hotels are dens of waste. One-fifth of all hotel food, they tell me, goes into the refuse can. Maybe it deserves to. Maybe the hotels need fewer chefs and more cooks.

And then, while our hotels are keeping the soap factories running, the hen kings step forward and announce that they're grooming another egg famine for its semi-annual appearance. Of course that's nothing new, but it's doubly aggravating when we observe that 40,000,000 splendid specimens of hen fruit are lost annually through careless handling. With eggs at sixty cents a look and carry 'em home with no trading stamps or bar checks, 40,000,000 eggs represent 2,000,000 dollars scrambled while we starve.

The value of automobile tires discarded last year, before they had delivered their full mileage, would build three magnificent



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436



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444



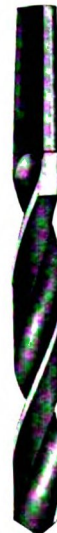
No.
930



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's



transcontinental highways. But take heart—the junk dealer has to live.

Speaking of junk dealers reminds me that there are a number of other things besides junk dealers that work even as we slothful mortals sleep. One of these tireless performers is German propaganda, another is *rust*. Rust takes from us, each year, close to 100,000,000 dollars, which is ample and sufficient funds with which to purchase 50,000,000 bayonets. 50,000,000 bayonets are a superfine peace argument—and we're wasting 'em. But there are still other and more horrible indictments against us.

If a Congressional Investigation can find out how to get them, we could buy 100 cartridges for a five-spot. In the meantime, because we fail to paint our buildings, our bridges and our machinery, something like \$2,500,000,000 worth of stuff fades away and disappears into thin and vacuous air for lack of paint; and two billion five hundred million wasted dollars are the monetary equivalent of 50,000,000,000 wasted cartridges, my friend! Fifty billion cartridges wasted whilst the Teuton hordes rave on!!

Rats consume enough of this country's property in a twelvemonth to outfit over three million of our soldiers with the latest style of dishpan headgear.

Gas masks are deucedly costly things, but if we could amputate the English sparrow from our midst we'd have enough excess coin to buy over 8,000,000 gas masks of the most improved pattern—and while we are no experts on the matter we would surmise that 8,000,000 gas masks would fairly fit one for a day at a German peace conference.

The last time we were married we observed that Niagara Falls was still falling from grace. Niagara and her kindred spirits waste enough horsepower, per annum, at the present value of horses, to outfit 5,000,000 soldiers with everything from shoes to hat—including three pairs of unmentionables and two extra sets of shoelaces for state occasions. But we grow dizzy—



The magnificent total of our annual and avoidable waste is ample and sufficient to buy 2,600,000,000 nice 13-pound shells, 800,000,000 five-inch shells, coal enough to drive a fleet of 1,000 destroyers several times around the earth and back, and enough cartridges to feed 10,000 machine guns night and day for over *three years*.

If we didn't have a headache we might go on cavorting indefinitely amongst our wasted millions and billions. But what's the use? If you have waded through our troubles thus far, you are ripe for the picking, therefore let me put the question.

What right have we to brag melodiously and at all hours of our liberality on Liberty Loans, when figures like the above stare us in the face? What right have we to orate grandly about our open-handed patriotism, when we destroy, in a single year, enough God-given goods to win the war twice over? What right have we to raise hob with poor little Mister Hoover, when we let the bugs and buglets eat up enough stuff annually to buy 100,000,000,000 pounds of sorghum?

What right have we Americans to boast of our mileage, when we let our gas tank leak away more than our entire engine of war is consuming?

Let's have less of this tough talk, Horatio, and more *action*.

PLEASE NOTE — IT'S RIGHT INTERESTING

It has come to us that certain interested persons are troubling themselves to the extent of advising many of our old customers that it will be useless to send us orders, for the reason that they understand we are working entirely on Government business, and are in no position to serve them.

At the same time these persons naively suggest that the orders be sent elsewhere.

We desire to state that while we hope we are bearing our full proportion of service to the Government, yet this is not done to the exclusion of all other business.

In other words, we are just as anxious at this time to serve our old and valued customers as ever in the past, and we therefore hope they will pay no attention to such insinuations.



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Record



LET'S CATCH THE RATS

ON ANOTHER page of this compendium of knowledge, we referred to the annual loss resulting from an overabundance of rats. Here, however, we refer to another variety of rascal—the rat who didn't register for Selective Service.

I happen to know, very roughly of course, how many of this brand of ingrate there are, scampering about our land, and, were I not a staunch upholder of the Commandments, the editorial smokehouse would at this instant be damning itself to eternal fires in the debit column of the Great Book Up Yonder.

Yes, there *are* a bunch of these cheap slackers. I can respect some sorts of criminals—but not the slacker. For example —

Here in our own fair village, while our doughty police force has been out chasing slackers, the bank bandit fraternity have been holding a sort of convention, I take it. Now, I can have some degree of respect for a bank bandit. *He* has nerve. Besides, anyone who can beat a banker is justly entitled to respect. But for those weak, watery-eyed weasels who evaded registration, I have naught but the most caustic contempt. These crafty folk are far too clever to be at large. Their rare talents for camouflage should be collected and cultivated and bent in the general direction of Berlin.

They tell me any man looks good in a uniform. That being the case, a selective service slacker in a uniform would outshine the sun in all its glory. I long fervently for the day when they'll *all* be in uniforms—uniforms of the Stars and Stripes or stripes and bars. *Es macht nichts aus.*

But I allow my spleen to wag the direction of my story. To return to the point under discussion —

We're spending piles of time—and money—trying to snare these crafty slackers. We're sweating oceans of sweat over him, and those of us who



PEERLESS-HIGH-SPEED REAMER

**"PEERLESS" HIGH SPEED REAMERS**

Have Bodies of tough Alloy Steel—only
their *Blades* are of High Speed Steel



That's why "Peerless" Reamers have a toughness and freedom from breakage hitherto considered impossible in high speed reamers.

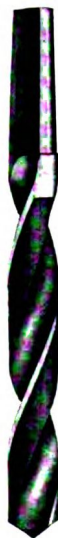
And "Peerless" is the *only* high speed reamer that links the toughness of an alloy with the remarkable cutting power of high speed steel.

And the same process that makes "Peerless" a *Better Reamer* likewise reduces its manufacturing cost

ASK YOUR DEALER TO TELL YOU MORE ABOUT "PEERLESS"



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's



dutifully signed up on registration day, are threatened with a stroke of apoplexy every time we think of these dish mops waltzing around as care-free as a company of educated lice.

Why all this waste of time, money and energy? The surest way to catch the rat who didn't register is to *starve* him out. Every one of us has to eat. Even Prof. Hoover admits that, when he is forced into a corner. And to eat, most of us have to work. Ergo —

If every employer of labor—*every* employer I say—were required to demand a registration card from every *employee*—both present and prospective—and were empowered and required to act, when no such card is forthcoming, the vast bulk of registration day's riff-raff would give up the fight and confess.

Some of them perhaps would take to the rails and the rods for a living. They're doing that even now—but what are *you* doing about it? When a chap taps at the back door and tells how he's "walked from Buffalo since last night to get a job in Frisco and hasn't had even a cup of coffee since *August*"—when that happens, do you first ask for his registration card, if he be of draft age or thereabouts?

When a chap boxes you in the traffic and taps your till for a dime to keep his thirst from starving, do you tax him for his registration card?

No honestly, do you?

Just try that gag on the next one—and please have a policeman handy—a *policeman that can run!*

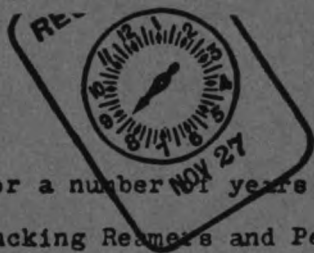
While we're *talking* about "our bit" so much, why not practice it by demanding fair play for the chap who *has* registered?

And, why not *do* our bit to see that the chap who didn't register is brought before the proper authorities?

That'll be *practical* patriotism.

"Invariably"

says a huge manufacturer of auto parts



Gentlemen-

For a number of years we have been using Peerless Chucking Reamers and Peerless Expansion Reamers in our factory, practically to the exclusion of all others.

We have, from time to time, tried out other kinds, but have invariably retained the Peerless. We use these reamers in a great variety of machines and find them to be O. K. in every respect.

Can you say the same of your high speed reamers?



There's More of
"The Men Behind The Gun"

TODAY—knee deep in February—the demand for our 1918 Calendar and its inspiring five-color poster entitled "The Men Behind the Gun" continues unabated.

Each one, as it goes up in the shop, seems to provoke requests for another—two others—three or six others.

To supply this growing demand we have prepared a liberal extra edition and will be glad to furnish extra copies until our supply is exhausted.

*In requesting quantities for
shop distribution, kindly
use your firm's letterhead*

THE
CLEVELAND  TWIST DRILL
COMPANY

NEW YORK

CLEVELAND

CHICAGO



Teach
JUL 24 1918

DRILL CHIPS

March
1918

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Introducing
"PEERLESS *(Cleveland)* PETE"
Digitized by Google



3 to 1*

Men interested in the production of multiple parts are buying *three* "Peerless" High Speed Reamers to *one* of the old-time variety.

Is This Preponderance of Preference a Coincidence?

*If we included "Peerless" *Expansion* High Speed Reamers in the above comparison, there would be nearly *ten* "Peerless" Reamers sold to *one* of the old-time variety.

As Mr. Post once remarked, "There's a reason."

PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ REAMERS



Edited by P. Pete, Himself

AFTER fraternizing with editor persons for nigh onto thirty seasons, I have come to regard the pen-pushing fraternity as charter members of the Noble Order of Non-Essentials.

I am convinced that word mongers are as useless to the human race as the vermiform appendix, the lounge lizard, the beer hound—yes, I will even go so far as to state that an editor is as utterly devoid of reason for being as the high speed steel commonly employed in the body of a high speed reamer. Could I say more? (If you doubt it, see page 15 at your peril.)

Therefore, as a practical man and a patriot, I have eliminated the Poor Excuse who usually fills this space with his ravings and, for one month, I intend to demonstrate that you don't have to wear long hair and a bow tie to qualify as a professional bull-charmer.

My initial endeavor will be a profound discussion of the burning question of the



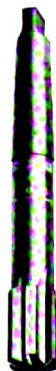
No.
504



Peerless
Expansion
Chuck-
ing
Reamer



No.
517



Peerless
Core
Reamer



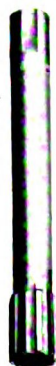
No.
509



Peerless
Core
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Straight
Shank



No.
503



Peerless
Chuck-
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Reamer



No.
510



Peerless
Expansion
Core
Reamer



No.
501



Peerless
Hand
Reamer



No.
502



Peerless
Expansion
Hand
Reamer



"Splitting firesides asunder."

hour. It is a question that is splitting firesides asunder. It has rent the land from east to west and from north to south. It has made blithering idiots of many a manufacturer, and has dragged men from the prime of life to the grave within a fortnight.

I refer to that horrible question, "Are you a non-essential?"

This particular query is about as popular as a polecat at a lawn party. It may be classed with such highly personal questions as, "Do you expect to claim exemption?" "Is there hereditary insanity in your family?" or "Does your wife go out much nights?"

Anyone with a fair degree of gray matter will refrain from broaching this subject in polite society. It's like the labor question—the wise ones side-step it. Even the Administration, I note, is much inclined to be coy with the thing. From time to time we have heard that an official list of non-essentials is ready for the press. Immediately the hurry-up wagon is called to fifty places at once, to cart away the unfortunates who have been led to believe that they are to be

among the damned. But the much-announced list, as yet, has failed to materialize.

Meanwhile a number of our friends continue to live from day to day with the horrible dread of decapitation hanging ever over their heads. It is to these terror-stricken manufacturers that I bring a message of sunshine and gladness this morning. After prolonged conference with myself, I feel certain that no such list of non-essentials will ever be published.

The reason for my statement is simple—if it is to be published, someone will have to be the “goat.” Someone will have to be the one who thought of it. Someone will have to stand as author of it. In spite of my fast failing faith in the human race, I can see no one fool enough to volunteer for the job. It would be suicide. More than that, ’t would be a horrible, messy suicide. The unfortunate one would go through life ever hounded by the ghosts of the non-essentials that he blasted with his accusing finger. Two months after the announcement he would be a wreck. Three months later his withered form would be laid away amongst the daisies and forget-me-nots, and a little tombstone would be erected over him reading—

“Poor Fool—He Died By His Own Hand”

All this, however, does not mean that there will be no weeding out of non-essentials. Oh no!! As a gloom gatherer I insist that you take no shred of joy away from here. After having proven that there will



No.
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Peerless
Expansion
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No.
510



Peerless
Expansion
Core
Reamer



No.
501



Peerless
Hand
Reamer



No.
502



Peerless
Expansion
Hand
Reamer



be no "goat," I must hasten to retrace my steps, for there is a "goat."

The "goat," who will determine who is to be the non-essential, is already in training for the sacrifice. He is

being fed upon the fat of the land. Daily his wool is curried. By massage and electric baths his constitution is being prepared for the awful shock to come.

This sacrificial goat is a character of no little fame. He has been with us for years. He has been the professional "goat" for every economic, political and diplomatic experiment since the days of the dinosaur. I refer to your old college chum — the *Dear Public*.

It is you and I — we of the ultimate consuming class — who will be crowned Dictator of Essential Industries. Let me explain —

Our Government needs money. Probably you have already observed this. Within the past year they have spent something like 21 billion. That's within four billion of the entire amount hitherto spent since the balmy days of Alexander Hamilton. Obviously, with this rapid increase in expenditure, someone has got to dig down in his jeans.



They need the high speed steel
you're wasting in the bodies of your
high speed reamers.

Give it to them and you'll have a —

PEERLESS ~~HIGH SPEED~~ REAMER

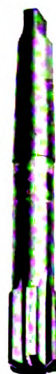
A BETTER HIGH SPEED REAMER

"Peerless" Reamers employ a tough—
almost unbreakable—alloy in the body
and high speed steel only in the *blades*.

As a result, "Peerless" Reamers are the longest
lived, high speed reamers on the market, and
because they put the costly steel only where
it counts favorably in the reaming results,
"Peerless" Reamers cost less to manufacture.



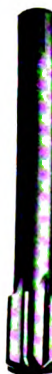
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Peerless
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Peerless
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Reamer



No.
501



Peerless
Hand
Reamer



No.
502



Peerless
Expansion
Hand
Reamer



Liberty Loans were put forward as an ideal means of excavating the bottom-most depths of the public purse. In this they somewhat failed. Oh, they were floated with much eclat, and then some! In fact, so easily were they floated that

dire suspicions were aroused. Evidently they had only skimmed the *cream* off our incomes; evidently they had not reached the man in the street. He was still untouched. He had yet to contribute his mighty mite. Observing this, Mr. McAdoo passed the word down the line, "*We must get the purse of the little fellow.*"

And then he went into conference with himself, and tore out a lot of hair in an endeavor to discover a way to get the coin of that *little fellow*—*coin that in the aggregate will win the war*. But while he was thinking, Woody—you know *him*, Al—Woody rushed in and said, "Mac, you've got to fix up that list of non-essentials. It's been kicking around here for a month now and nothing's been done. We'll be getting *investigated* unless we hurry up about it."

"No, Woody," says Mac, "I can't putter with mere non-essentials. I'm running the treasury and the railroads. That's enough without bothering my bean with useless, piffling things. Go out and get a nice fat college president for the job."

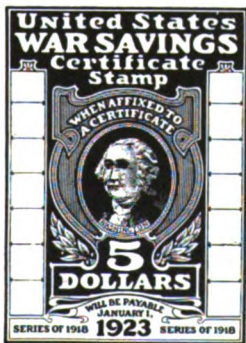
Then he paused, and a look of ecstasy o'er-spread his harried countenance. "Listen, Woody, ol'

top, listen to this," quoth he. "Why slaughter a president when we can get a private? We'll let the *private people* decide who's to be essential and who non-essential. We'll do it by War Saving Stamps.

"War Saving Stamps," he continued, "will reach down into the submerged nine-tenths. They'll get them to saving. They'll cut out the profusion of cigar and cigarette stubs at crossings. There'll be less refuse thrown to the garbage man. There'll be more *table d'hote* and less *a la carte*. There'll be more saving. The nation will get the savings *bug*. Ultimately each individual will determine for himself what may be his particular and personal essential and what his particular non-essential. The aggregate decision of the *Dear Public* will decide the non-essential industry, and the crop of college presidents will be saved for future reference."

And forthwith we have with us the War Saving Stamp—the thing that will twist the tail of the non-essential industry. Right clever is this boy McAdoo I'll say. Not only has he started a nation on the high road to thrift, but he has "passed the buck" for making the decision terrible. Instead of one poor, lonely chap taking the blame, the whole nation will participate. As a result, no one will dare do any considerable hollering, because he himself will be party to the slaughter.

Of course all this elimination of non-essentials will not happen



"The crop of College Presidents is Saved"



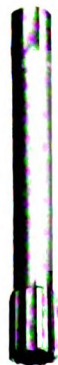
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Peerless
Core
Reamer
Straight
Shank



No.
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Peerless
Chuck-
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Reamer



No.
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Peerless
Expansion
Core
Reamer



No.
501



Peerless
Hand
Reamer



No.
502



Peerless
Expansion
Hand
Reamer



ROAST #16

The heathen Chineese who burned down his house to roast a couple of porkers did nothing more than you are doing. Listen —

◆ In a 15/16" high speed reamer you buy 28 oz. of high speed steel to get the benefit of only the high speed steel in the blades—and they're only 17% of the whole. ◆
Even so you're not getting the best high speed reamer.

PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ REAMERS

"Peerless" Reamers employ high speed steel only where its use actually *improves* the reamer.

Only the *blades* of "Peerless" Reamers are of high speed steel. Only the blades *should* be of this material.

A body of high speed steel is more than a needless expense—it's an actual *handicap* to the tool.

"Peerless" combines the toughness of its alloy body with the cutting power of its high speed blades. Thus it unites the virtues of both metals—toughness and cutting power—in a single tool, and the result is unquestionably

The Best High Speed Reamer—Bar None

THE CLEVELAND  TWIST DRILL CO.

NEW YORK

CLEVELAND

CHICAGO



No. 503



No. 510



No. 501



No. 502



Peerless Chucking Reamer



Peerless Expansion Core Reamer



Peerless Hand Reamer



Peerless Expansion Hand Reamer



instantly. It will take some time to get us heated up to the necessity for economizing. But ultimately—if this war is sold to us *as it must be sold*, sooner or later—every man will consider it his bounden duty to save rigidly, and to lend these savings to his Government. By inconspicuous degrees the rope will tighten about the luckless non-essential until it expires delicately,

decently—like a man passing “west” in his sleep.

Some, of course, will go out with a horrible yell. When that time comes, please, oh please, do not get excited! Though the barometer of business failures may flourish like a thermometer in a Turkish bath, ’twill be but a sign of a nation reforming, ’twill be but an indication that we are turning from the paths of the spend-thrift to the pathway of rectitude and right as laid down by Mr. Vanderlip *et al.* Though there will be much screaming and gnashing of teeth perhaps, ’twill be but an omen that things are growing better—not worse.

Many of the non-essentials will see the writing on the wall, and will visit a clairvoyant who will foretell trouble ahead. These wise ones will be able to revamp their ways, and, by a process of mechanical gymnastics, they’ll take their place among the chosen in ample time to avoid the flood. The process of transformation from non-essential to essential will go on noiselessly until few, if any, will expire as a direct result of our combined decision.

And thus, through the medium of the War Saving Stamp, we will have inculcated thrift—not *penuriousness* mind you, but *thrift*—into three generations of prodigals. Not only that, but we will have determined, by a peculiarly cold and impartial process, who shall bear that abhorred brand—

“ICH BIN EIN NON-ESSENTIAL”



OH COME AND PLAY WID ME, FELLER

By P. Pete, Himself

YESTERDAY a chap with a waxed mustache, a fur-collared overcoat and one of those lascivious silk shirts asked me to take dinner with him that evening. (We call it "supper" at our chateau, but I knew what he meant, 'cause my better five-sixths always cautions me to call it "dinner" when we have callers present. It sounds wealthy.)

He took me to one of those aristocrooked hostelrys where soup is thirty-five centimes a schooper, and handed me a menu. What more could a man ask than that? A chap doesn't have to threaten me that way twice. Once is ample and enough.

I took one penetrating look at the horseshoe pin in his tie, and ordered a flock of blue points. Another stealthy look disclosed a ring on his finger that gave out symptoms of ready coin, so I followed suit with a plate of mock turtle. Then he rashly pulled out a gold cigarette case, and offered me one of those long, luxurious cigarettes, like they smoke on the observation platform of the Twentieth Century Limited. That move cost him the price of a mess of spring chicken nicely browned.

Every time I took a peep at this fellow he just oozed excess currency, and I—desiring to massage his income tax—did my bit to lighten his load. *Man*, what a meal I ordered! But he was a game sport, and duplicated my order dot for dot.

Pretty soon we arrived at the dessert; and ultimately, by a devious and delicious process, I found a 25-cent Perfecto rolling around in my mouth just as if it were right at home there. But then—oh Ophelia, then—

Then this tin-horn sport from Elmira leaned over the table top with the soft purring voice of a professional vampire—not that I mind vampires, but I do like to pick 'em myself—and said to me, "Pete, old top, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll just *match you to see who pays for this meal!*"

And that fever blister had duplicated my order from soup to smokes! After inviting me to take dinner with him he'd *doubled* the check, and then, in a burst of philanthropic passion, was "*willing*" to match me for the privilege of paying the piper.

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Can you beat that? I couldn't. I paid for the meal.

It seems like I'm always getting stuck. "Misery" is my middle name, and I'm looking for company. Say, do me a favor, will you? Let me invite *you* to dinner, and I'll guarantee that I'll pay for it—provided only one thing. We'll arrange it like this—

You sit down and let the waiter brush the crumbs into your lap, and hand you a menu upside down. Then you can order anything you want—*anything* mind you. Go the very limit. Get a slice of bread and three lumps of sugar. I care naught for expense, when I'm feeling blue this way. Then we'll light up our cigars and I'll lean over the table and say,

"George, the labor problem is getting something awful, isn't it?"

Of course you'll agree with me. There's no argument there.

Then *you'll* say, "And it doesn't matter what you pay—it's hard to get the right kind of men." I'll sing "Amen" to that, too. There's always room at the top.

"And, when you stop to think of it," I'll chime in, "the price of tools is woefully rough on a chap. Why, do you know, only yesterday we broke three reamers out at our place, George? Darn good reamers they were too. Just for fun I figured it out—we scrapped *ten dollars' worth* of high speed steel in these three reamers. Hadn't had 'em more than a week either."

Right there you'll get all warmed up and say, "You've got nothing on *me*, Pete. We wreck about a reamer a day. We get the best we can buy—high speed steel every inch of 'em—but the boys *will* drop 'em, they *will* slam into 'em as if they were made of Damascus steel instead of brittle high speed steel. I'd give a good deal if I could get a reamer that would give me high speed *production* without being as brittle as a woman's reputation.

"The chap who walks in on me with a high speed reamer that's got *guts*—he's the boy for me. I'd be willing to buy that boy a meal. Yes I would. 'Twould be worth it—worth it ten times over."

Right here I'll have to jump up and excuse myself. "Oh, I'll be right back. No, I'm not going to the bar. See you in about three minutes."

(Curtain here; indicating passage of three minutes.)

On my return I'll say, "You were speaking about a reamer—a mythical, impossible high speed reamer that would combine a high elastic limit with the cutting power typical of only high speed steel? You said something, didn't you, about buying the chap, who brings you this reamer, a meal?"

Then you'll say, "I sure did say that very thing. I'd buy him *ten* meals."

Then I'll say, "Waiter, bring me a piece of apple pie and cheese, and give this gentleman—that's *you*, George—give this gentleman the check, 'cause I've got the reamer, the only high speed reamer that comes up to your specifications.

Better of course *but why?*



You've been told that "Peerless" Reamers are better—but did you ever ask why? The answer is simple—

❖ **BETTER~BECAUSE THEY USE
THE HIGH SPEED STEEL *RIGHT*** ❖

"Peerless" limits the use of high speed steel to the *blades*—the only *right* place for high speed steel in a reamer.

A *body* of high speed steel is too brittle for the purpose. The body—like the blades—requires a specialized steel—a tough steel.

"Peerless" bodies are of tough alloy. Hence "Peerless" will withstand shocks and strains that wreck the ordinary high speed reamer.

By thus uniting the toughness of an alloy with the cutting power of high speed steel, "Peerless" reduces manufacturing cost even as it produces

THE BEST HIGH SPEED REAMER ON THE MARKET—BAR NONE

PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ REAMERS



No.
501



Peerless
Hand
Reamer



No.
502



Peerless
Expansion
Hand
Reamer



It's as tough as bull's hide, but high speed from tip to toe. Take a look at it.

"Looks like any other high speed reamer, doesn't it? *Acts* like any other too—'ceptin' better. But just try *filing* it. Here's a file. See? Those blades are high speed steel, but *the body is an alloy* that's as tough as a sixty cent steak. The two—the tough body and the high speed steel blades—are united by a patented process that makes 'em one for all time. Pretty good, isn't it?"

"This one here is a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch reamer. She tips the scales at about 28 ounces. If this were the ordinary high speed reamer, about 24 of those 28 ounces would be the high speed steel in the *body*. That's three dollars worth of high speed steel right there—and it would be *wasted*. Worse than that. Do you know that the ordinary reamer would be a better tool if the body were made of something besides high speed steel? It's a fact. High speed steel is too brittle for body use. It isn't designed for body strains. It's a *cutting* steel; not a *body* steel.

"'Peerless' Reamers don't slither high speed steel away as if it were *dirt*. They use it only where it belongs, only where it counts *favorably* in the results. That's in the blades. Only the blades do the cutting, therefore only the blades should be made of a cutting steel. The body is just a sort of backing for the blades, and *the alloy used in 'Peerless' bodies gives it just the toughness and freedom from breakage that you've been looking for.*

"But that isn't all. You can get Peerless in *Expansion* types too. Think of that! When an Expansion 'Peerless' wears down, just regrind her and bring her up to size again. Talk about conservation and spending both sides of a penny—that's what you do in Peerless Expansion High Speed Reamers, and all the time you've got a *better reamer.*"

Curtain Again — Indicating the Passage of Several Weeks.

We Meet Again — This time in Front of a Back Drop Showing Street Scene, Leading Liquor Store and Installment House Prominently Advertised Thereon.

When we meet, you slap me on the back and say, "Hello Pete, I've been looking for you. Remember, I said it would be worth ten meals to me if I found a high speed reamer combining toughness with cutting power? Well—thanks to you—I've found it. It's that 'Peerless' High Speed Reamer. You tipped me off at dinner that night. I bought you that meal on the *chance* you were right. You've got nine more coming, 'cause now I *know* that 'Peerless' is the *only* reamer that gives me *toughness with producing power.*

"But why in the name of Sam Hill didn't you tell me 'Peerless' costs less than any other high speed reamer?"

"Because, George, you're like all of us. You think that anything that costs less is worth less. You forget that the world moves. You forget that science and invention are constantly warring on cost. I would rather have you discover for yourself that the same process that makes 'Peerless' a better reamer likewise makes it cost less—even though it is unquestionably the best high speed reamer on the market."

P. Pete's Personal Note: It takes nerve to write an article like that. But the thinker—the man with the bulgy forehead—will figure that it will cost him less to find out more about "Peerless" than to keep silent and aloof from mechanical progress. He'll send the postal.

Are yours "Loaded?"

"Old-timers" in selling a worn-out gold mine to an innocent tenderfoot, used to "load her up" with a few shotgunfuls of gold dust. The effect was magnificent—but didn't improve the value.

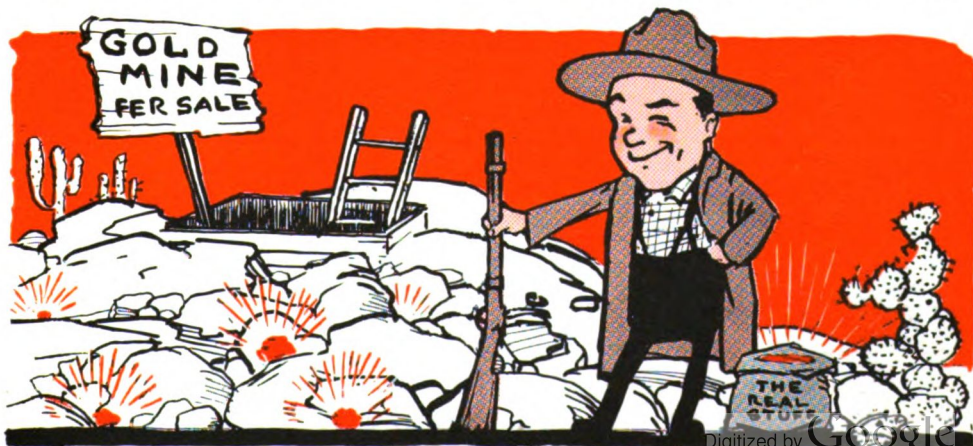
Neither does a *body* of high speed steel improve the value of a high speed reamer—it merely "loads her up" with cost, and needlessly, too.

Worse than that—a body of high speed steel actually detracts from the merit of the tool by making it needlessly expensive and brittle.

PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ REAMERS

"Peerless" Reamers have bodies of tough *alloy* steel. Only "Peerless" *blades* are high speed steel. This gives "Peerless" extra-ordinary toughness combined with cutting power, and, while it brings the high speed reamer to a hitherto impossible perfection, it likewise reduces the manufacturing cost. Think it over.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE VOLUME THAT'S YOURS FOR THE ASKING "Better High Speed Reaming"



No.
502



Peerless
Expansion
Hand
Reamer

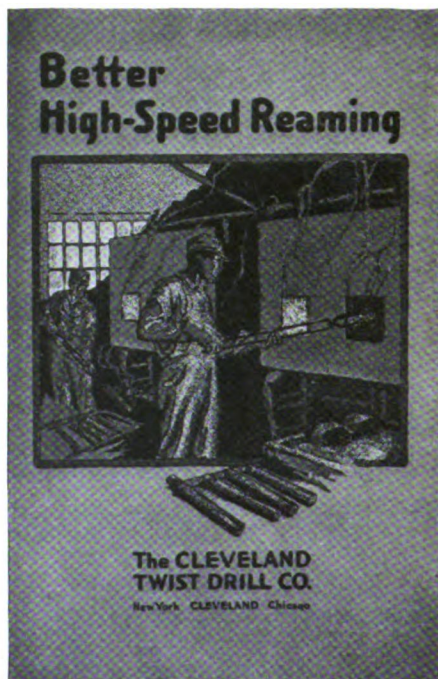
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A Valuable Book-free

THIS book lists all "Peerless" High Speed Reamers and shows what other manufacturers are doing with "Peerless."



*The enclosed postal
brings it and no
obligation involved.*

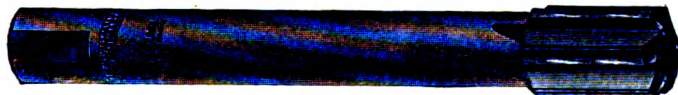


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the postal**

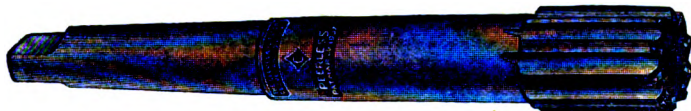
**THE
CLEVELAND
TWIST DRILL
COMPANY
CLEVELAND
NEW YORK
CHICAGO**

A Few of Many

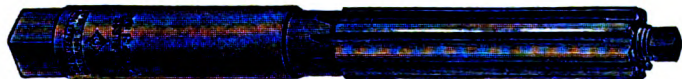
PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ REAMERS



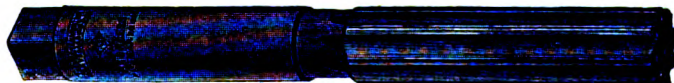
No. 509—"Peerless" Straight Shank Core Reamer



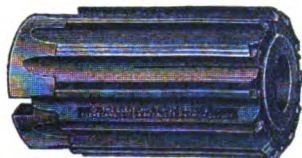
No. 515—"Peerless" Taper Shank Chucking Reamer



No. 502—"Peerless" Expansion Hand Reamer

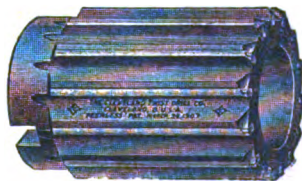


No. 501—"Peerless" Hand Reamer



No. 520—"Peerless" Expansion Shell

*The enclosed postal brings
you a complete Catalog
of "Peerless" Reamers—
figure your saving in a jiffy.*



No. 519—"Peerless" Shell Reamer

DAMASCUS PERFECTION

BY combining tough iron and hardened steel, the sword makers of Damascus gained a perfection unequaled until the process was paralleled in manufacturing

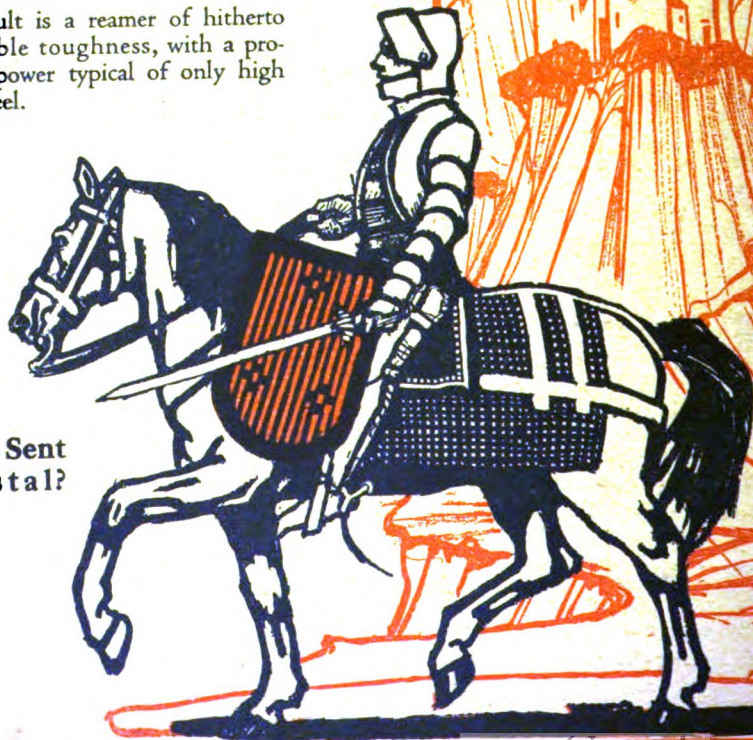
PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ REAMERS

By combining an alloy body with high speed steel blades, "Peerless" links the virtues of both metals in a single tool.

The result is a reamer of hitherto impossible toughness, with a producing power typical of only high speed steel.



**Have You Sent
The Postal?**



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DRILL CHIPS

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



FOR APRIL - - 1918

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Cleveland

THE Industrial Forces
of the Country are as
much a part of the great
Patriotic Forces of the Na-
tion as the men under fire."

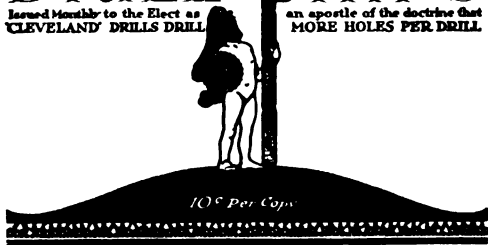
A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Woodrow Wilson". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long, sweeping tail that extends to the right.

April 15th, 1917

DRILL CHIPS

Learned Monthly to the Elect as
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL

an apostle of the doctrine that
MORE HOLES PER DRILL



Edited by C. H. Handerson

PLAIN UNITED STATES

OUR good friend Charley Archbold who advocates the use of White Rose Gasoline thrice daily and before retiring, fathers the sage statement that —

Honest Opinions

*Like Homely Women in Street Cars
Stand Longest.*

And now I, like Chas.' homely women and naughty children, can't sit down because I am possessed with the devil of an honest opinion. 'Tis this: We once said something scandalous concerning the necessity of "selling" the war to America. We maintained then, and still maintain, that the war has not been sold to the average man. He — this mighty backbone of America — is still cold and unenthusiastic.

And he has plenty of reason for his present state of mental apathy. His alibi is perfect. This war is 3000 miles away. 'Tis a safe and sanitary distance. Then



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Peerless
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too, our censorship has kept him in almost total ignorance of our active participation in it. The only symbols of our entrance into the conflict have been uninspiring demands for funds. The Government in Washington and a few thousand heroic troopers are doing the fighting, whilst the vast majority of us are sitting around and discussing the matter—if at all—with the detached air of Supreme Court Justices.

But all these reasons for our state of lethargic bliss are only secondary. There is another and a really primary reason. To tell it will put your sincerity to the test. It will flaunt your sins before your very face. You will deny it, though you know it to be true. It is a horrible thought I am about to propound. It is too honestly true, perhaps, to be strictly nice. It will cause you to cry for blood—my blood—unless you examine coldly into the statements I am about to make.

America—the huge bulk of America—doesn't know what it is fighting for. That's why we're unimpressed, unenthusiastic and unemotional.

Ah! Now I hear the hungry lions howling for mine hide outside yon gate.

Remember—

Only one high speed
reamer combines *toughness*
with cutting power—

PEERLESS HIGH SPEED REAMERS



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Peerless
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Peerless
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The Editor

"the Boss will give
me a bad
half hour."

Half of New York and our other coastal towns will cancel their subscriptions, and the Boss will give me a bad half-hour. But let me have the floor but for the merest moment. They always give the felon a

chance to sing his death song before they trip the trap. Accord me a similar doubtful courtesy.

Today we hear much about "the war in the air." 'Tis well. Indeed 'tis fitting in the extreme that "the war in the air" should hold the stage of prominence, for in the air—*away up* in the air—exactly described the location of our war. The published reasons for our participation in it are great, big, beautiful, vacuous things—5000 leagues above the head of the average man's understanding.

Yes, I know we are fighting for Democracy and Humanity. Of course we are; but what, may I inquire, *is* Democracy and what *is* Humanity? Who amongst our readers can tell me? After consulting old Noah, the Word King, the meaning of both these words is as clear as a bowl of Hungarian soup. And if you and I—highly educated apes that we are—don't know what Democracy and Humanity may be, what in the world is the poor chap out in the street to do with the things?

Any fool could hang up a picture of the *Maine* exploding—with bodies flying all around—and get all heated up over it. That

was something *real*. You could *hear* the noise. You could *see* the havoc. You could *feel* the screams of maimed men. But you can't *see* Humanity or Democracy. You can't taste, touch or smell 'em. They're nebulous things. Perhaps the aviators, flitting like bats far above the clouds, may run upon them in their flight, but not we grubbers in the ditch.

Am I right?

And yet you ask me to fight and die for Democracy and Humanity—two things I know not what.

I would fight like some incarnate fiend for a cheap bauble of a ring perhaps, a mere trinket it might be, a thing that I have worn for years and cherish—I would fight for it because it is something tangible and real to me. But could I fight with equal fervor for a ring I'd never seen and would not know on sight? Would you?

Or again—if I but raised my finger against your wife, your mother or your sister, I'd tote a pound of beefsteak on my eye for weeks. But let me tell you that I met a damsel as beautiful as the Queen of Sheba, fair as the lily, with cheeks of eider-down, breath of purest incense, lips like new blown roses and I *kissed* her—let me tell you that, and what would you do? Would you curse me as a villain and bear me down to earth in defense of this nebulous Nancy? You *would* not. You'd draw a long, deep breath and say, "Oh boy, how did it taste?"

Always the known, though it may be comparatively valueless, calls forth more emotion and more action than does the unknown—regardless of its



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and—

There's only one high speed
EXPANSION Reamer

PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~
~~SPEED~~ REAMERS





value. That cheap bauble of a ring, that girl of yours—you'd fight for them on sight—not because they are more beautiful, perhaps, than others, but *because you know* and therefore *value* their beauties. They are easy to defend, because they are not gauzy wraiths. They are real, tangible, personal things—you can touch and see them, and therefore you'll fight for them. Who can say that Humanity and Democracy are real and personal things to any of us?

Democracy and Humanity, logarithms and the fourth dimension, may keep a professor of English literature awake nights, but I'm frank enough and honest enough with myself, and fool enough to admit that the only thing that will keep me awake is the future and the fortune of *myself and mine*.

I'm selfish. The first thing I think about on rising is *myself and mine*. The last thing at night is *myself and mine*. Tell me to get up and fight for Democracy and Humanity, and I'll pause to put on my shoes and to ask, "Who be these Ladies and why must I fight for them?" But tell me that a burglar—a big brute of a Boche—knocks at mine door, and I'll pick up the nearest chair and say, "Just show me to this man." Do I respond because this Boche burglar attacks my Humanity and my Democracy? No, dear one. I plunge into the fray—because this burglar attacks *me and mine*.

I am the average man. You can't expect me to get fighting, furiously mad in defense of a thing as intangible as Beauty, as real as Motherhood, as worthy as Purity, but as inspiring as Charity. But call them by another name and I'll fight, yea I'll die, and gladly, for them. A rose by another name is thrice as sweet to me if, perchance, I have never seen a rose.

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And there is absolutely no need to preach so eternally of Humanity and Democracy. We have nothing to hide behind these mouthfilling, fifty-cent words. Let's get this war of ours down to earth. Let's make it not a war of lexicographers but a war of a sort that you and I can *understand*.

We have posters everywhere o'er our land—posters devoted to the need for rigid conservation. Heed them. But before you heed them, in order to recognize the need for conservation, you must know *why* we are at war. Why not take these far flung posters and devote them to a three months' campaign of advertising—advertising that will tell the cause of this war, and the reason for our presence in it?

Tell the story in "plain United States."

Cut out the fourth dimension. Cease the spitball English. Tell the story in the simple words of the Sermon on the Mount. That "got over." The same First Reader phraseology that put over the safety razor, the fountain pen, Campbell's soups and Christianity is good enough for me. I understand it. It means something to me and to one hundred million like me.

Perhaps I shine shoes for a living. What care I for such high-flown expressions as "the Preservation of Humanity?" But tell me that the Hun would wipe out my shoe-shining parlors, would murder my wife and child, would make mince-meat of my daughter Rosa—tell me that, and Tony the bootblack will become Tony the fighting man, ready and willing to cry "To 'ell wid de Hun."

Yes, friends, we have been fighting in the clouds of metaphor and simile for twelve months. It is a battle far



above the heads of us little chaps here below. It is a beautiful struggle mayhap, but a thing fit apparently only for gods and postgraduates.

Bring the war down to me, and it'll be *my* war. Advertise it, I say, and the cause for it with the same forceful simplicity that you advertise your motor cars and collars. Put "*punch*" in this advertising. Tell why it is not a war of the classes, but of the masses. Come down to these masses. Less English, if you please, and more cruel, incontrovertible fact.

Tell the submerged nine-tenths of America that we are at war because Democracy and Humanity needs us? No—it's true enough—but too far off. Tell us that we're at war to wipe out Fritz before Fritz wipes us out, and then we'll fight for our *homes*, for our *wives*, for our *children* and our children's *children*; then we'll be endowed with the strength that cometh from no place but a selfish fear and understanding of the danger to ourselves—and if Humanity and Democracy profit from this fight of ours—well and good.

Tell us what we face without camouflage or charity—tell it in "plain United States," and then we'll fight until the cry changes from "Gott strafe England!" to "Gott, please sir, will you help us Huns!"

ON SLAYING EGYPTIANS

WE ATTENDED divine services yester Sabbath and the preacher culled this quotation from the Good Book—"And Moses looked here and he looked there, and he saw no man, so he slew the Egyptian."

Moses, you will note, slew the Egyptian—who was a puny cuss—*when nobody was looking*. If the constabule had been on the job, 'tis plain that said Egyptian would not have been carved. But he wasn't on the job, nobody was looking, and so—Moses up and disposed of ye Egyptian by a short but messy method.



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Weight or Worth ?

Weigh the ordinary high speed reamer and you'll see why it costs so much — its big, bulky body (83% of the whole) is of expensive high speed steel. Why?

Does the *body* need to be made of high speed steel?

Honest now — *does it?*



All of which tempts me to remark that human nature has n't changed much since the time of Moses—no sensible man ever gets hilarious in the old home town. Around our own front yards, five hundred horsepower couldn't pull us from the path of rectitude. But when us girls get down to the Big Burg and the White Lights—oh, *Samanthy*—then one wee *chicken*-power suffices to lead us far astray. 'Tis a queer, queer world!

But down to the business of tying up to the text—

In various and sundry publications, during the past three or four months, we have sensed a querulous strain of uncertainty—sometimes it has almost burst into direct accusation. They point to strikes! Strikes everywhere! We've had over 3000 of them since this land of joy entered the war a year ago! Strikes they are that have tied up Government work—war-winning work! In shipyards alone a total of 536,992 working days have been lost, and goodness knows how many days have been wasted in lines which feed our shipyards. And it's all delayed the building of ships, and *ships will win the war*—the lack of them may lose it!

Is Labor secretly tightening the noose that hangs about its Country's neck. Is Labor true? Is it guilty of conscious, treasonable action? These are the unspoken questions I have observed trembling on the lips of many throughout the past few weeks.

Gentlemen, the writer is a Laboring Man, and bitterly resents these accusations—even though they still be unspoken and in embryo. As a body, Labor is as patriotic as any group of men. They are as anxious to save their homes and the homes of their children from the dread hand of the Hun as is any multimillionaire. Labor *as a unit* is patriotic. But—

But Labor, like all huge bodies, has its black sheep. It has its blackguards and its cutthroats. It cannot help it any more than can Capital help the few who tint all Capitalism with the taint of "profit-

"the few who tint"
(speak la la)



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Of Course Not !

A body of high speed steel adds to the weight
and to the cost but not to the value.

It can *better* be made of a tough alloy that is
designed to withstand
the shocks and strains.

And it *is* so made only in

PEERLESS HIGH
SPEED REAMERS





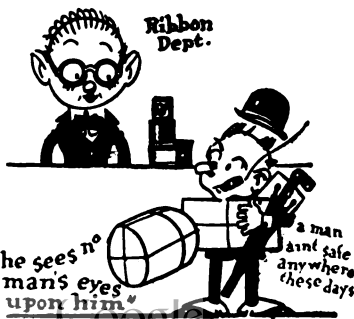
earing." But, note you, *all* Capital gets blamed for the few who profiteer, and *all* Labor is getting blamed for the few in *its* numbers who play the part of traitor.

Labor, like Capital, is cursed with two types of men—equally dangerous they are, though their motives may be different. The first is the out-and-out traitor—traitor to Labor and to Country alike. The other type is the man who, through ignorance of his own importance, becomes the innocent *tool* of the traitor.

Of the first type we need say naught. Labor is ferreting him out, and will have none of them. At best he is not common. But, of the second type, I fear we have many amongst us—many who through sheer *ignorance* do not realize their tremendous responsibilities in this day of machine-made warfare.

This last type of man works away at his lathe or bench totally unaware that the eyes of the world are upon him. He forgets that it takes some six mechanics like himself to keep a single soldier on the firing step. He forgets that, when he falters, he weakens one soldier by at least one-sixth—and perhaps one-sixth is just enough to let the Teutons through. He forgets that the public eye is upon him as truly as though he were marching down Main Street in a khaki uniform. "*He looks here and he looks there and he sees no man's eyes upon him*"—so he becomes a willing (though perhaps unconscious) tool in the hands of the conscious traitors, and with them puts forth wholly impossible demands upon Capital and Government. His *motives* may be innocent, but his *results* are traitorous.

England lost thousands of men in the early days of the war, because her soldiers lacked guns and ammunition. They lacked these things, because the laboring men of England failed to realize their responsibilities, because they failed to realize the danger which threatened them. Their position to them seemed unimportant, it seemed unobserved—they *looked here, and they looked there and they saw no man's eyes upon them*, so, by refusing a sufficient supply



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*"Just try one
and we'll both
be satisfied"*

You'll have the best high speed reamer on
the market - bar none. And we?

We'll have a steady and growing customer for

PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ REAMERS



of weapons, they slew their brothers as truly as though they themselves had held the Teuton rifles.

Had England's laboring men recognized then, as they do now, that they *were* observed, that the eyes of the civilized world were upon them, they would have correctly reckoned their importance, their responsibilities and their danger, and the early slaughter of their comrades in the trenches would have been forestalled.

American Labor, if I correctly register its mind, is fully aware of its duties and its responsibilities. But among us are those who—like our English brothers of the early days—still fail to see the eyes of the world upon them. There are still those amongst us who think they are unimportant and unobserved, and are therefore tempted—as was Moses—by their fancied secrecy.

For this last type let us watch out. They cast ill repute on *all* of us. They do more. They threaten our welfare and our future. Their demands—though they be merely selfish in intent—may be utterly treasonable in result. Their exorbitant, impossible demands tie up our shipyards and our factories as swiftly and as truly as does any German bomb.

Germany need hurl no bombs if she can but hurl strike and discord amongst us. Of the two—strikes or bombs—the strike is not the least effective. But even as no bomb is placed where there are eyes to see the placing, neither is there unjust strike when the striker sees himself at his true importance.

If every man in this country knew that the eyes of the entire land were upon him—as they are—this fact in itself would increase and multiply his sense of responsibility to himself and country. If every man amongst us knew that the eyes of all civilization were upon him—as they truly are—there would be no impossible and ignorant demands, for there would be no sense of ignorance. If we all had developed in us the all-seeing eye of responsibility and conscience, there could be no slackers—military or industrial.

If every man amongst us were awake to the danger and to his personal share in avoiding it, no man could find foothold for the accusation of treason

ASBESTOS

(we mean the certain)

"it we all had developed"



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which now bubbles on some lips. If you and I will but go forth and preach and teach our fellows how mighty a link they are in the first line of defense, how the eyes of millions of dead and living souls are upon them—if we will but do this little thing, no man nor history itself can ever write, “The American Laboring Man in 1918 looked to the right and to the left *and saw no man’s eye upon him*—so he sold his birthright of self-government and freedom of body and mind for a mess of Teuton poisoned pottage.”

Go ye, therefore, and preach unto the blind who see not the danger in their path; preach to the deaf who hear not the cry of self-preservation—though the soft voice of the German-paid agitator reaches them all too well; *go and preach* to the halt, whose efforts limp and weaken the arm of thy brethren standing hip deep in the mud of Flanders’ fields.

Go and preach to all the world that Labor is fully awake to the fact that in its hands hang the scales of Victory and Defeat, and that Labor is going to win.

SO WHY WORRY?

Either you are an essential or you are not an essential. If you are an essential, there’s no need to worry. If you are a non-essential, you’ll either be discovered or you won’t. If you’re *not* discovered, you’ll be all right. So why worry?

If you’re discovered, no one may have the nerve to shout it out. So why worry? If they *do* tell on you, everybody may be too busy to pay heed to their howling. So why worry? But if these howlings *do* attract attention, nobody may agree. So why worry? But if some few agree, you can always find others to disagree, and then there’ll be months of debate and delay. So why worry?

And, after all the debate is debated, you’ll either be blessed or be damned. If you’re blessed, there’s no need to worry. If you are classed among the damned, you may be able to bridge the chasm (as did the makers of Congress gaiters, bicycles and stovepipe hats) and enroll yourself upon the list of real essentials. So why worry?

But if you can’t bridge the gap that separates you from the Elysian Fields of real essentials, no one will miss your going but the stockholders—*So Why Worry?*

Damascus Perfection still lives_____

LIKE the swords of old Damascus
"Peerless" High Speed Reamers
link cutting power with great toughness



You Will Find
Our New Book

*"Better
High Speed
Reaming"*

Interesting and
Perhaps Helpful





MY PRAYER

O LORD, teach me, Thy Servant in the Trenches of Industry, to remember that I—as surely as any khaki-clad Soldier—am a member of My Country's fighting forces.

Open mine Eyes that I may see the Works of mine hands far across the sea, belching forth and blasting back the battalions of Darkness.

Help me to so Labor at my lathe that the boys on the firing step, who fight to protect the sanctity of my Home and my Womenfolk, may never lack Munitions.

Lend me the Strength of Thine Arm that each minute and hour of my effort may bear Fruit fourfold.

Help me, that when I pull the covers over my head at night I may look Thee in the eye and say,

"Today I Have Fought a Good Fight"

DRILL CHIPS



THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE



The other night
I went to the theatre
With a lowbrow friend.
And the orchestra played
“Little Brown Jug.”
And he thought
It was the national anthem
And he stood up.
And I did, too.
Darn him!

—Rhodes “Colossus”



DRILL CHIPS

Issued Monthly to the Elect as
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL

an apostle of the doctrine that
MORE HOLES PER DRILL



Edited by C. H. Handerson

AN OASIS

BORNE down to me from eastward far on the relentless wings of imagination comes the crash of cannon; behind, in tireless undertone, the crackle of lesser arms fills in the interstices. But echoing shrill above and beyond it all is that cry of courage—

"Amiens Shall Not Fall"

Battle—it is everywhere; it loads the air we breathe; it enshrouds our street corners; it haunts us in our homes. Yea, it leers at us in our beds and bids us sit up and strain our ears against the silent noises of the night.

Amidst these tortures of a war-wracked earth, I turn with a sense of gratitude to a little gem from the pen of "Nye the Dye Man," appearing in "The Exhaust Pipe." His is a thought worth thinking in these overwrought days when nerves crackle and break like thin ice, when the lines sink deeper in the face and the little courtesies of life seem trivial.

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You will enjoy it, and therefore I say read, ponder and pass on—refreshed:

A woman about to board a trolley car at a Boston suburb

asked the conductor:

"Does this car go to Mattepan?"

"No, madam," replied the conductor.

"That's funny," remarked the woman.

"Yes, madam, but I haven't got time to laugh," retorted the conductor, pulling his bell rope.

The next day the superintendent of the line called the conductor before him and asked:

"What was it you said to that woman yesterday, when she said it was funny your car did not go to Mattepan?"

The conductor grinned and replied, "I said, yes it was funny, but I was late and did not have time to laugh."

"Take three days off without pay and laugh," replied the superintendent.

Near a crowded transfer corner in New York a woman rushed hurriedly into a hardware store and said to the busy clerk, "I'm in a hurry; give me a mouse trap real quick; I've got to catch a street car."

That clerk stopped long enough to laugh and the woman blushed and caught the street car by rushing, but the clerk did not sell the mouse trap.

What's the answer?

Politeness!

Plain, old-fashioned politeness that our mothers used to teach us when they made us scrape the mud off of our feet before we came through the doorway, and take our caps off in the presence of ladies.

Any man with a grouch which lies on him like a pound of putty on the stomach of a chronic dyspeptic has no place in the great world of business. He is not polite.

Any man who thinks it is a good joke to kick the crutch from under the cripple or jerk a chair from under a fat man when he is about to sit down, has no place in business. He is not polite.

It makes very little difference whether you are collecting funds to feed starving Belgians or whether you are selling peanuts out of a whistle cart on a corner, Politeness is the biggest asset you can have.

the whistle cart

From a census taken by the magazine "System," 54.1% of the people who replied to the question asked, said they were most impressed



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by the courtesy of the clerks and the proprietors of the stores where they dealt, and that was why they continued to go there. Did you ever stop to think of that?

Actually more than half the people who deal with your competitor are dealing there because either he or his employees are more polite than you are.

One woman refused to go to a big store for certain bargain prices because, she told her friend, in the little shop where she bought that article she never went out without the clerk who waited on her beating her to the door and opening it for her. Just a little foolish politeness.

Foolish politeness?

Was it foolish money she was putting in that man's cash register?

Is it foolishness to you to know that the fellow in your same line, traveling the same territory, soliciting contracts from your same builders, is getting more than half the business because he is more polite than you?

Mind you—not lower priced—not better work—not better terms of credit—not better shipping facilities or lower freight rates—not better quality goods or tools or service, or whatever you sell—just more polite.

It just means that same old stuff of cleaning your feet before going into the house.

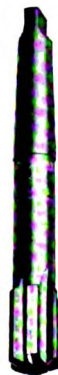
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just one thing



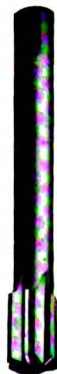
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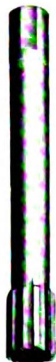
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It's just that old trick of taking off your hat when you get in.

It's just that polite "good morning" as you come, or "good-day" as you go.

It's just the perfectly proper, pleasant smile at his jest and

the refusal to perpetrate your jokes on him.

It's just the story of the boy in the tobacco shop who was selling cigarettes. A man entered and said, "Gimme a package of Pall Malls." "Yes sir, package of Pall Malls." The next man said, "Gimme a package of Pell Mells." "Yes sir, package of Pell Mells," and the third customer said, "A package of Pal Mals." "Yes sir, a package of Pal Mals."

"What's the name of those cigarettes?" asked the bystander who had listened.

"The name they call them," replied the clerk. "I am here to sell cigarettes, not to teach pronunciation."

He was too polite to correct the speech of his trade. But just remember that he sold a package of cigarettes in every instance.

The man who said "I'd rather be right than be President" never had a chance to be President.

The man who would rather be right than sell goods never had a chance to sell them.

The man who said "The customer is always right" was the greatest merchant this world has ever produced.

After all, that is merely politeness.

Only
PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ SPEED REAMERS



Only "Peerless" gives you the toughness of an alloy with the cutting power of high speed steel



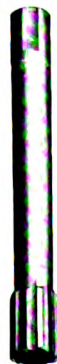
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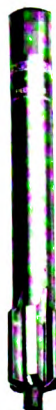
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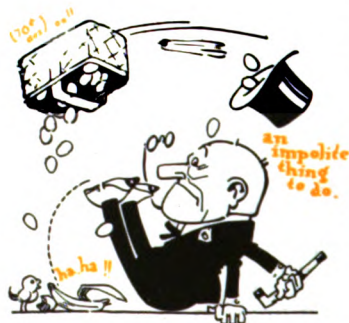
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Your mother taught you never to dispute another person's word.

She did it because this is an impolite thing to do.

She taught you never to laugh at the mistakes of others because that is an impolite thing to do.

But bless her, that lesson has slipped from

many of us just as did the thousands of other good things she taught us.

Let's learn those lessons in politeness all over again.

But we are up against the real thing now. Some of us are on the water wagon, and some of us are—on the contrary, but all of us are on the make.

All of us have something to sell.

Either our merchandise, or time, the work of our hands, the work of our brains or service which we give to the world in exchange for the privilege of living in it.

Let's learn this game of politeness over again, because it PAYS BIG.

Let's not laugh at the mistakes of others, because we can go to a show and laugh at people who hire themselves out to make mistakes for us to laugh at.

It costs less money that way than to laugh at the people we do business with.

Let's not dispute another man's word even though we know he is mistaken, because to convince a man that he is mistaken is to make him hate you, and enemies are too expensive for any but the very, very rich to make.

You are not very, very rich, or you would not be on this mailing list—so this means you.

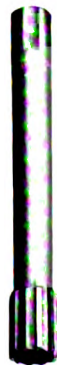


A Book worth owning

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Just plain ordinary politeness, which brings in the coin of more than fifty per cent of the people, is what I am writing to you about.

If I could sell you a proposition which would add fifty per cent to your business, you would buy it, but—oh well—but this is just advice, given away postage prepaid, and so—

Well—we won't be pessimistic: Maybe some of the seed has fallen in good ground and will sprout those little sprouts—two straight up and one crooked one across them, thus—\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

SPRING—She Is Here

PRAISE Allah, Ed, May has at last arrived.

And believe me, she reported just in the nick of time. I couldn't have lasted another week of this preliminary spring training. Talk about roughing it at Plattsburg. Man alive, Plattsburg isn't in it with April at our house! Listen—

Within the last two weeks I've beaten all the carpets within an inch of my young life; I've varnished a section of my bald spot, both hands and a floor or two; I've washed the pup with a preparation that smelled like a gas bomb; I've pruned all the trees and planted the rubber plant near the cat's grave; I've eaten off the sink and the mantelpiece; I've slept on the piano and pool table; I've fought ten rounds with a welterweight mattress. All this I've done, and now? Now, Ed, everything is finished, including my wife and myself—she's in bed with nervous prostration, and I'd be too if I could lie down comfortably—which I can't.

Yes, and I'm glad that Spring is here for other reasons. For example—with May comes the last of those Fortnightly Musicales.



A Musicale you know, Ed, is a cabaret done in lavender and purple with ermine trimmings. It is the John Drew of music. The object of a Musicale is to become educated musically, so's to be able to tell George Cohan from Irving Berlin without consulting the program.

Some folks claim they enjoy them. Maybe they do. I've even known men to fall asleep in a dentist's chair. There's no accounting for tastes. But I can't go them at all. They are popular with me like the smallpox. Take last night for example—

I came home, and found my evening togs hung over the end of the bed, and wifey running around in an alarming state of excited deshabelle. I knew the symptoms—another Musicale. Nothing to do but submit, 'cause I promised to go to every Musicale that came along, if she'd let me go to the Follies and the Passing Show without hollering. So I got all dressed up like a circus giraffe, and we started out.

We arrived ten minutes late, but at that we were twenty minutes early. Square in front of us in a box was my dentist. I owe him \$86.00. He was chewing a toothpick and looking unhappy. He'd gotten there too early and it sort of reflected on his social standing. Pretty soon his wife came in. She wore a fur coat and a full set of her husband's patented teeth. I recognized them at once. I have three of them myself, and she planked down in a chair and pulled out a spyglass, and looked us over as if we were a bunch of steers milling around in the stockyards. That made me awful mad. I just hate to be taken for a steer.

Well, for twenty minutes we all sat and stared around to see who else was there. You could spot the married men, 'cause they were sitting on their collar-buttons and hoping none of the boys at the office would see 'em. By 8:30 all the blue-bloods were in and the aroma of gasoline and similar liniments became well nigh unbearable to one not accustomed to the heights. In the front wave of wealth

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came the Secretary of the Capitalists' Club. He wore a kitty coat and amber goggles, and, judging from his makeup, you'd have thought he drove nothing less than a Rolls Royce. But I know he don't, 'cause we keep both our cars in one of these cute little in-a-door garages, and without any crowding either.

Pretty soon the patriots put away their knitting, and let it be known that they were prepared for the worst. Then a chap with long hair and a neck to match skidded out on the stage and

beamed at the audience like he had an industrial exemption. Everyone beamed back at him 'ceptin' me and a chap in front of me who was asleep.

Behind him came the Bevo Bruisers, and they began to abuse their instruments something scandalous. I knew right away what I was supposed to do. I hadn't been to three of these Musicales without learning a *little* something, so I sat there as if I were in a trance and were seeing angels playing Jewish harps. Pretty soon they stopped and I—thinking to make a hit with wifey—leans over and says to her, "Clementine, my dear, wasn't that an exquisite rendition? Reminiscent of Cohan's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, eh?"

I had memorized that line of conversation from the program and I felt certain that Clementine would be pleased, 'cause when you can unload a line of camouflage like that without snickering or stuttering, then, Ed, then you're educated musically.

Well, Ed, I had the right line of conversation all right but at the wrong place. "Fool!" says Clementine. "Fool!" she hisses, turning eight shades of carmine which same registered intense mortification, "the concert hasn't even begun. They're just *tuning up*."

That's a funny thing about these Musicales—when it sounds like a tune they're just tuning up, and when it sounds like they'd lost their place it's the real thing. I tell you, Ed, it's all wrong.



Then there was a long silence and two women with square jaws and permanent marcelles started a camouflage contest to see who owed who for the seats. Each was sparring for an excuse to stick the other, and they'd just gotten into a clinch and it looked like a Dutch treat, when the motorman leaps up into the air and the Musicale starts on the first lap.

I never saw a harder working lot of carpenters in my life than those fiddlers. They sawed their way through the bars of Sing Sing and Matteawan, but the net result wasn't much. Clementine, who is up on such matters, said that it represented wood nymphs dancing in the moonlight, but I thought it sounded like rain on a tin roof.

Pretty soon, after they'd been running wild for fifteen minutes, the leader got them working together better, and they made pretty fair music. I thought they were playing "Over There," but Clementine informed me that it was a few strains from the Marseillaise. Anyway the chap in front of me woke up with a grunt and began to talk explosive German. I felt just the same way about the whole thing, but didn't know enough foreign language to say so. He seemed to think it was pretty poor and I guess the motorman thought so too, 'cause when the orchestra stopped he walked off the stage. I thought he was ashamed of himself and had quit, so I started to put on my hat to go home. But I was mistaken. He'd merely run over to the Dutchman's to get a bit of inspiration before the next number. And believe me, Ed, he needed all the inspiration he could get, 'cause when he came back he had the Next Number in tow.

She looked like a cross-section of a Dutch landscape, and she rolled like a Hoboken ferry in a swell. She had on enough trappings to start a respectable street fair.

Well, she steamed out into the center of the stage and smiled at us as if she saw a spring suit for \$9.98. Then she folded her hands, and rolled her eyes up until she looked like the lee rail on a rough Channel-crossing. Her accomplice



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at the Steinway patted the instrument experimentally to see if the plumbers had left their lunch in it. They hadn't. He looked sort of disappointed, adjusted his coat tails and began to tease a few notes out of it.

The Singer got red in the face and swelled up until something ripped. Then she began to test the acoustics. They seemed pretty good and she sang a lullaby in Italian. She looked just like a maiden aunt of mine when she sings "Poor Little Buttermilk" to the new curate, who's still enjoying single blessedness. When she'd finished, everyone clapped, but I couldn't see why, 'cause you couldn't understand a single word of it. But it must have been a pretty good lullaby at that, 'cause the chap in front of us had gone to sleep again, and his collar had slid over his head.

On the way home we met the Musical Critic. He'd been down at the burlesque show that evening, but his absence in no way handicapped his artistic appreciation—which is the thing you acquire after attending Musicales for three generations. Next morning we read over his signature—

"And Madame Maetos—she was the colorado maduro soprano, Ed—had an insidious charm which finds expression in whatever vehicle she may choose to express it. In the more pretentious numbers the breadth of her artistic conception found congenial and full opportunity for bigness of tone and treatment."

And of the orchestra he said—and mind you he never heard them at all—"a marvelously smooth rendition of intricate and delicate diatones with a treatment of vieuxtemps that held the audience spellbound in wonder and admiration."

All of which goes to prove that it's a grand life if you don't weaken.

GOLF BUGS, AHOY!

Need a good score book for this season's agony of effort? Mr. Cox, our president, has perfected a score book of convenient design warranted to tell the truth three times out of ten. We'll be glad to send you one—yes, or two if you wish. Charges? Why speak of such things among friends. Just say how many.

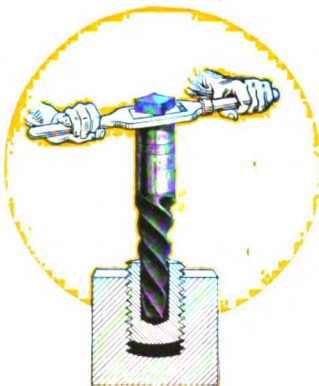


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OH, THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

Editor's Note: When it comes to writing "poultry," the Boss is much among those present. In justice to him, however, let me say that he isn't nearly as naughty as he would lead you to think in the poem.

I

There is snow on all the mountains
And the birds are in the trees—
Come back to Pasadena, friend,
Don't stay out there and freeze,
For the wind is in the palm trees
And the sun it shines away—
Come you back you frozen fellow,
Come you back this glorious day.

Oh, the road to Mandalay
Is the good old Sante Fe,
And the dawn comes up like summer
Over Baldy 'cross the way.

III

The grill room, too, is open (*think of it*)
And the bar is in full swing;
Come, take a seat in comfort,
While a little bell we'll ring;
The waiter, he'll come smiling,
Our order to bring in—
Have something warm and mellow?
Sweet vermouth and Gordon gin?

(Now then, get some pep behind it:
"Oh, the road to Mandalay," etc.)

II

The trees hang full of grapefruit
And the roses are in bloom;
As the hotels here are open,
Wire quickly for a room;
The Midwick links are waiting
For the pressure of our feet;
The game we'll play with pleasure
Never thinking of the heat.

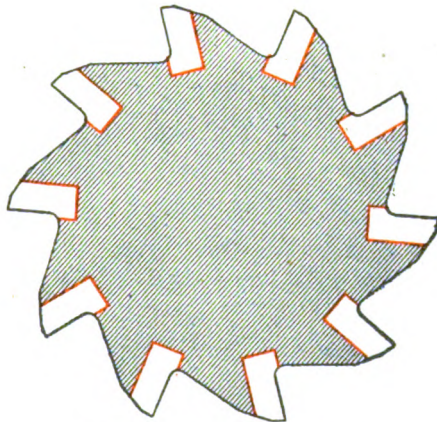
(All together now on the chorus—
"Oh, the road to Mandalay," etc.)

IV

At the table, while we're waiting,
With the dice box we will play,
Shaking, gaily, softly, fairly,
Just to see who'll have to pay;
Our day's work being over
And our lungs filled with fresh air,
We'll hasten home to tub—and sup
With ladies sweet and fair.

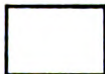
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Is the good old Sante Fe,
And the dawn comes up like summer
Over Baldy 'cross the way.

J. D. COX, February 21, 1918



CROSS-SECTION OF

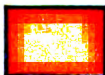
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Lest We Forget to Do Our Part

“**T**HEY say, who have come back from Over There, that at night the troubled earth between the lines is carpeted with pain. They say that Death rides whistling in every wind, and that the very mists are charged with awful torment. They say that of all things spent and squandered there, young human life is held least dear. It is not the pleasantest prospect for those of us who can yet feel upon our lips the pressure of our mother's good-bye kiss.

But, please God, our love of life is not so prized as love of right. In this renaissance of our country's valor, we who will edge the wedge of her assault make calm acceptance of its hazards. For us, the steel-swept trench, the stiffening cold—weariness, hardship, worse. For you for whom we go, you millions safe at home—what for you?

We shall need food. We shall need care. We shall need clothes for our bodies and weapons for our hands. We shall need terribly and without failure supplies and equipment in a stream that is constant and never-ending. From you, who are our resource and reliance, who are the heart and hope of that humanity for which we smite and strive, must come these things.”

(Signed)

CITIZEN SOLDIER NO. 258

—th District, National Draft Army

THE NEW YORK

DRILL CHIPS



FOR JUNE

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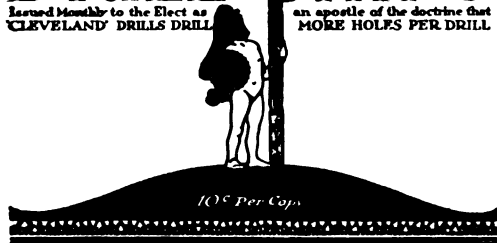
If you wish to make this message more general, we will be glad to help by supplying additional copies gratis as long as our supply holds out.



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Learned Monthly to the Elect as
"CLEVELAND" DRILLS DRILL

an apostle of the doctrine that
MORE HOLDS PER DRILL



Edited by C. H. Handerson

WHY SO MUCH WAR?

IT WAS just the shank of the evening. The kids of the neighborhood—and they exceed the Jersey skeeter in numbers and ferociousness—were all abed and asleep (a truly remarkable combination of events) and a holy hush had settled down upon our alley.

Your Humble Servant and "Dug" Pinkerton, invalided Scottish Highlander and author of the "Ladies from Hell," were puffing fraternal pipes on the former's front porch. Back in the woods someplace, a frog sang doleful love songs to the speckled froglette of his choice. And the street piano that clinked and clanked over in the next block only emphasized the quiet of the night.

War was a million miles away. It was a thing foreign to us. We and all things about us were steeped and double steeped in peace—the kind of peace you read about and never see except on a balmy evening, when the first faint hint of

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honeysuck
teases your no
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Then into th
midst of th
quiet, home-li
scene — like
stone dashed in
to a peaceful mil

pond—plunged a child's voice. Little
Georgie was awake—very much awake
Now, be it known, that little Georgi
is a militant nature, and his speech an
song betrays it. And so, tonight, his wa
no feeble, babyish fretting, but the ring
ing chanty of our fathers, shouted at the
top of a pair of extremely healthy juvenile
lungs—

"For mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible quick sword,
His truth is marching on."

Not content with one battle song, he
swung easily into the stirring chorus of
"Over There"—accenting the time with
drum-like strokes on the partition.

"And we won't come back 'til it's over,
over there."

Then he stopped. We expected some
further call to arms—something that
would send us dutifully scurrying crib-
ward with hot water bottles and paregoric.

But Georgie had evidently reconsidered his original intention and had gone back to a militant slumber.

The frog took courage from the silence and resumed his ditty. The street piano clanked distantly on. But the quiet of the night was gone. From peace little Georgie had plunged our thoughts into the stern realities of war, and instinctively I recalled a letter which I had received that very day addressed to "The Nut Who Writes Drill Chips." Here's the letter—

"Why so much jabber about war? Have you nothing else worth writing about? We're fed up on war. We get it served for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Give us something new. If you lack *all* originality, at least give us a rest on war, war, war."

I repeat—"Why so much jabber about war?"

For the best of reasons, my friend. Because the business of the United States today is—War. It is more than our business, it is our vocation and our avocation. It is our life. If we do not make war our life, it will prove to be our death as a nation of free-thinking and free-acting individuals. That is why we feel free to "jabber so much of war."

There is much more than the fate of Democracy hanging on the outcome

2 Reasons for Jabbering War



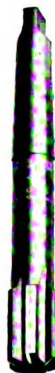
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"FREEDOM OF THE SEAS"
(German style)



of this conflict. Neither is Humanity the only thing that reads the newspapers with a wrinkled brow. And the freedom of the seas, a byword in this war, to my selfish mind is but a back alley com-

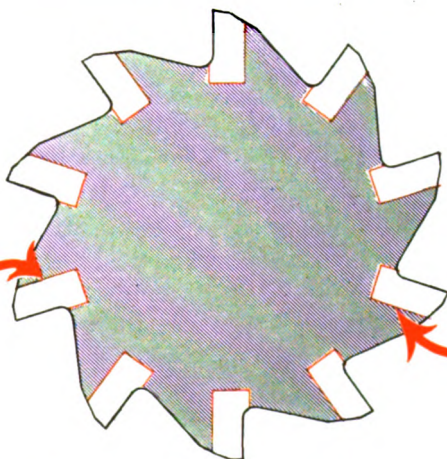
pared to the other issues at stake.

The reason why we eat, sleep and talk "war" at our house is because we see in it the possible end of our health, our happiness and our prosperity. The reason little Georgie sings "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" instead of some nursery rhyme is that he was born in a militant day and believes he can live and prosper only by being militant.

We can be frank here—a secret whispered to 25,000 people becomes a secret no longer—should the German war lords fasten the talons of their will upon the world, these talons will mar—not Humanity nor Democracy alone but the innermost aspects of our daily life.

Those Teuton talons will sink deep down into us until they touch our wages, and, in a twinkling, our wage will become the Teuton wage. And what is this Teuton wage? Is its possibility a thing to be dreaded? Decide that for yourself—

In these days when the machinist is the most sought after of all men—men of marriageable age at a summer resort excluded—the Teuton machinist counts it a fat and fabulous



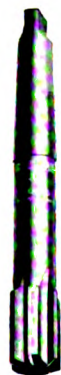
*Look for those
Red lines.*

Next time you buy a high speed reamer look at the end and make sure the blades are surrounded by a **Thin Red Line**.

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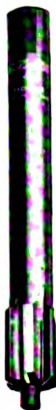
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week when his pay envelope boasts a ten dollar note within. Ten dollars is the peak wage for Germany's machinists today. Get that!

A bricklayer in Berlin thinks the millenium has arrived when he finds a nine-spot nestling inside his

weekly pay. German molders and patternmakers marvel at the beneficence of their employers when their pay envelopes burst with a lean nine dollars. And, mark you, these are *wartime* Teuton wages—wages that represent the *very peak* of all wages.

And these are the wages the Teutons, if victorious, would and could impose upon us—upon you and me. How? The process is simplicity itself. Let Germany win, and her very first demand will be that this country be made a free market for her goods. Down will come the tariff that has hitherto protected you against the onslaughts of Germanic goods. And in will come those Teuton goods—already warehouse on warehouse in Germany, Switzerland and Spain are bursting with these goods and waiting for "Der Tag"—in will come those goods, goods made by Teutons working under the starvation Teuton wage scale, and these goods will be sold at Teuton prices, thirty, forty, yes fifty percent less than we can produce their duplicate.

In a vain effort to keep our own wheels turning, our prices will tumble and with them will tumble our wages until they approximate the Teuton scale.

Machinists in that dread day—provided they are fortunate enough to have a job at all—will wander homeward loaded down with ten silver dollars as the return for their week of labor. Teamsters will boast of six dollars as a net return of their six days of toil. Plumbers no longer will drive Fierce Sparrows as of yore. They'll count themselves fortunate to have shoes with which to pack home their eight or nine dollars' worth of weekly pelf.

It seems impossible? Yes, it was "impossible" that this war could last more than a year. It was "impossible" to construct a transatlantic U-boat. It was "impossible" to bomb London. It was "impossible" to bend the Hindenburg Line. The day of the realized impossibility is here, and a German victory with its train of economic convulsions is far from the impossible.

But victorious Kaiser Bill will not content himself with making mince-meat of your wages. That will be but a mere beginning.

On top of our wage reduction will come his demand for indemnities. Indemnities, you know, are a pet drink of bloodthirsty nations. They enable the thirsty ones to enjoy all the benefits of conquest without paying for its cost. And so on top of reduced wages you'll find the Kaiser's bill for indemnities awaiting you each Saturday night. He'll take a fraction of each week's scanty pay as a tribute to his military prowess.

THE KAISER'S BILL	
<i>Babies Killed</i>	8,000
<i>Women Enslaved</i>	50,000
<i>People starved worse off</i>	14,500
<i>Cathedrals Wrecked</i>	539
<i>Names in Mourning</i>	5,000,000
<i>Etc</i>	
<i>Etc</i>	
<i>Etc</i>	
TOTAL	????

Taxes will soar even as wages will sink. And



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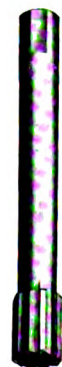
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the net result will be that we and our children will spend the balance of our lives fighting off starvation that the Kaiser and his kind may be repaid for making us their slaves in fact if not in name.

This, my friends, is no untrue picture of the cost of a German victory.

That is why I spend all my waking and most of my sleeping hours talking "war." That is why all my friends talk "war." It is because none of us have any hankering desire to slave for anyone—least of all the self-styled All-Highest.

Democracy and Humanity *are* at stake. But I seldom think of them. My thoughts are always, "We must and we will win, else our peace, our prosperity, our happiness and our health will go the way of Belgium, Serbia and Armenia."

That is why we and all our Allies are fighting; that is why those of us who do not fight are eating, sleeping, talking and working war.

Tell me, thou complainer, what more vital subject have we than the business of making war, of defending the peace, the prosperity and the happiness of generations yet unborn—and our own sweet hides as well?

Speak out, friend.



THE OTHER EIGHTEEN

"Unless we share our brother's burden it will crush us both."—*Samuel Gompers.*

IT was three o'clock—vague twilight. Morning was at hand, but as yet the mists of night held sway.

From across the land of No-Man a flare hissed up into the gloom, burst into a flood of blinding light, twinkled and went out. Another followed, and then another.



From monotonous, far-away booming, the thunder of the Teuton artillery increased in volume, became sharper, nastier, and then, with a crash like the cracking of Doom itself, a barrage fell down upon our lines.

Behind that barrage the gray ranks of the Hun formed up and lunged forward. The attack was on its way.

In the horrid, unnatural stillness, betwixt the lifting of the barrage and the shock of attack, a mud-covered colonel stumbled down the trenches of Democracy, and on each lad's shoulder he laid his hand and whispered—

"Hold them, boy, hold them!"

"Hold them, boy, hold them!"—Though that cry was whispered amidst the din of battle three thousands miles away, it is my hope that we may make it ring out, a mighty voice, throughout the length and breadth of our entire land, for that cry was not intended alone for those beleaguered boys in the trenches of Democracy. It has a bigger and a broader significance.

"Hold them, boy, hold them!" comes ringing across those miles of tilting sea, a message direct to us fighters in the Trenches of Industry.

It is *we* who must hold them, for, though our army number untold millions, 'twill be utterly and terribly useless unless behind it are the unremitting efforts of *We Men in Overalls*.

We are the ones who must hold them.

Our Government will see to it that our boys are superb specimens of physical manhood. Of that we need have no fear. But bare hands—regardless of their strength or training—cannot hold back bared bayonets.

It remains for us to arm those hands. It remains for us to "hold them," and this means work, more work perhaps than you and I have ever done before.



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You will work and I will work, cheerfully and gladly, for we know full well the awful price we must pay for a Teuton victory. But our combined efforts are not enough, because it takes *twenty* men like you and me to support and arm but a single fighting man. It takes twenty of us chaps to hold one man in the front line.

It takes twenty of us to hold back one Hun.

Of ourselves we are sure. *We* will work and with a vengeance. But how

about those other eighteen—those other eighteen men whose efforts must unite with ours to hold back but a single Hun?

How about those other eighteen?

"Is that my funeral?" you ask. "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Yes, now as never before you are your brother's keeper, and rightfully so, because your fate and the fate of all you hold dear is largely in the hands of your brother.

Let but a few of your brothers weaken and the stream of munitions thins—by only a little perhaps, but only the weight of a hair now divides defeat from victory. Let a score or more of your brothers weaken, and the supply of ammunition lessens measurably—there's a shortage, and a Hun breaks through. Behind him come others, and with them ends your future hopes, prosperity and happiness.

Again we say you *are* your brother's keeper, for the fate of yourself and your kiddies is in the hand of your brother. *Watch that hand.* When it falters, it jeopardizes *your* future. When it raises itself in unjust industrial strife, it hastens the day when the clutch of Teuton talons will be felt about *your* home. When the hand of your brother "lays off" or "loafs on the job," the Kaiser laughs for he knows that slacker's hand is tightening the noose about the neck of all Americans—yourself included.

The duty of the American workingman today extends far beyond his own actions. Our duty is to work, yes and to watch—to watch *those other eighteen*, those other eighteen who are helping us to hold a Hun.

We Men of Industry hold the fate of ourselves and the world upon our shoulders. You and I will bear our share. We will hold our Hun. Our section of the trench is safe.

But how about the section held by our brother—the other fellow? Will he hold his Hun? Does he realize that his future and the future of all his household hangs on his unremitting loyalty?

If he falters in his labors, if he slacks, it matters not how mightily we sweat, the load must tilt and fall, and in its fall 'twill crush us both—you and your brother, patriot and slacker alike.

Therefore, I say, watch your brother lest he shift his load. You are his keeper because he is the keeper of your future health, happiness and prosperity. *You* will work, *you* will save, *you* will hold your Hun. But all you can do will amount to naught if your brother fails his trust.

Be ye therefore your brother's keeper for 'tis he and not yourself alone who is the keeper of your future.

"FAMBLY PHOTOS"

EVERY family has 'em—those perennial outrages unearthed from a dusty and better-to-be-forgotten past and fondly known as "fambly photographs."

We may outlive the ravishes of measles, mumps and chicken-pox, but always the dread hand of the "fambly photograph" hangs over our head. To illustrate—

My kid brother recently fell flamingly in love with a deliciously buoyant assemblage of lingerie, whom some stern and unthinking parent had christened "Ann"—plain "Ann." This austere, puritanical and wholly inappropriate name fitted her with the same felicity and grace as would a pair of my pajamas.

That's a funny thing about names—how seldom they fit. Our names are generally but an indication of what our parents *hoped* we'd be and *aren't*. Look back aways and see if I'm not right.



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Proud Papa and Mamma drag a protesting pack of swaddling clothes to ye church, and stand up with their chests thrown out while ye pastor pours the name of "*Alexander Hercules*" down the innocent's neck. Obviously Pa sees Alexander leading the cohorts of his country on to undying fame and Victory. Mother sees Alexander world-famous as an orator and spiritual pilot of mankind.

But the years pass, and Alexander Hercules grows up to wear a daintily perfumed handkerchief up his sleeve, and, when he gets awfully, simply *atrociously* mad, he says "Darn" in a high falsetto voice, Am I right? Of course. Such is the inevitable effect of giving an infant a historic and jawbreaking name like "Alexander Hercules." It always works out that way.

Or try the reverse variety of name. Shift the scene again to ye ivy-covered church. Before us are another group, but the same scenery—minister, proud parents, admiring relatives, howling bunch of flannel who alone realizes the terrible outrage soon to be perpetrated upon him. The minister picks up the howly one, and says, "What is the name of this child?" The victim's mother pokes Pa, and Pa stutters, turns red and says, "*Clarence Percival*." And "Clarence Percival" it is from that day forth for evermore, for better or for worse.

Then the years roll on as before. Ultimately, in spite of his handicap, the boy grows into manhood. But do we see in him the realization of his mother's hopes so fondly and accurately expressed in his name? Do we see a sweet, cherubic face, a leader of the Sunday school, a thing of joy and gladness to his parents, and a shining mark for all the rising generation? We do not. "Clarence Percival," in a vain endeavor to be bigger than his name, may be found chewing fine-cut, rejoicing in manual labor, a creature of the earth earthy, and an ardent exponent of the manly arts of physical combat, with a mug like the prow of a dreadnaught.

But it must always be thus, for of such stuff are names made.

But to return to Ann—plain Ann—and the "famby photograph." The kid brother had only recently annexed Ann, and her engagement ring was still new, shiny and unpaid for. Last Tuesday she made her first official visit to our home. Up the walk she came, a sight for sore eyes. Into the door she burst. Mother enfolded her, gave her her first official mother-in-lawly kiss and extended to her the allegorical keys to the family safe.



But then—then Mother scurried away. I, from grim experience, knew the cause of her hasty exit. And gosh, man, how I pitied those two kids! Innocent little lambs, they knew not what a shock would soon be theirs. They held hands with open secrecy, and Ann blushed most bewitchingly. Then mother came scurrying in again with one hand behind her back.

"Ann," says she, "I want to show you a picture of your future husband that I hope you will keep and cherish always. I *love* this picture. I know you will too. It is the *dearest* picture he ever had taken."

Then, with the flourish of an ambassador presenting another ambassador with a gold brick, she extended one of these family photographs. Ye gods!! Ann took one look at it, stuttered something wholly unintelligible, turned eighty-eight shades of burnt orange and retired behind the Japanese screen. Kid Brother took about three-eighths of one look at the atrocity and beat it for the pantry where they keep the cooking brandy.

It sure was the "*dearest*" picture any of us had ever seen. It cost three adult persons a total of three years' growth. It was a picture of Kid Brother at the age when eight ounces of Guernsey were his table fare. The photographer, after hours of work, had braced the kid behind the ears, behind the back and under the hips and arms until he had temporarily assumed the posture of a German brewer out for a stroll on the Wilhelmstrasse.

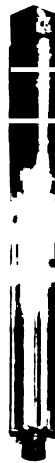
Behind him was a section of something that looked about as much like that as anything else. It might have been filmed in a cemetery or a cellar. In one protesting, frozen hand he held a thing that looked like a doll but might have been a rat. And his garb was—well, to spare our readers who are of the gentler persuasion—we will say that he was garbed in a vanishing grin, ten finger nails and three cast iron anatomy-props—which didn't show in the picture.

Take it from me—never under *any* circumstances pose for a picture that won't stand the withering eye of publicity. The divorce courts are full of such pictures and most of them are similar sparkling gems from the "famby photograph" album.

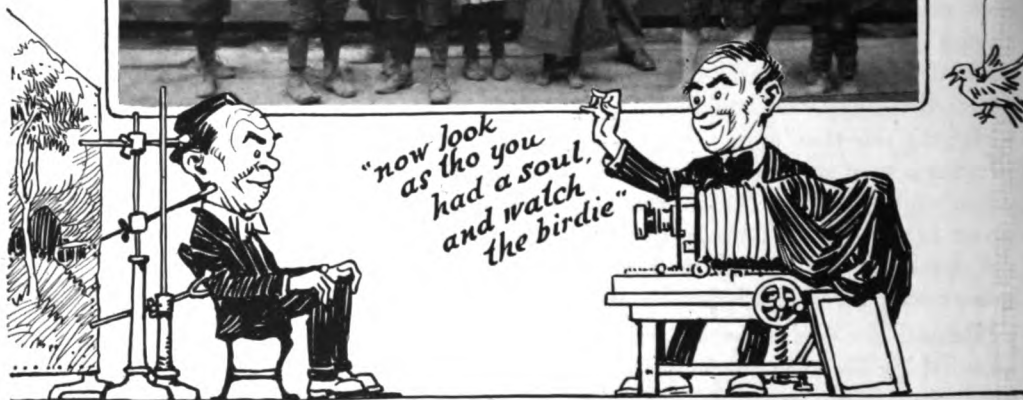
Even *industrial* families have their photographic skeletons. Take for instance ourselves. We try to do business so that we can sleep peacefully at night. We try to be regular folks and to do others as we would like to be done ourselves, but none-the-less, we have our photographic skeletons. Take for example the attached, showing John Hogan in the role of Mother Carey.



No.
502



Peerless
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Hand
Reamer



John, you know, makes Detroit and similar cities the stronghold and fortress of "Cleveland" drills. Once in an ill-advised hour he posed for a photograph to adorn Strelinger Company's family album. Little did he think the awful day would come when this same photograph would appear in public print. But we had to do it—because, like all Mothers, we are proud of John, and we want you to see him at his best—when he's surrounded by the kids, most any kids will do, although John as you will note runs in strong for mixed colors.

Editor's Note.—Following the publication of this knife from the dark and gummy pages of our "Fambly Album" the editor feels he may be forced to take a long journey. If the next issue is late you'll know the reason—John proved to be a better sprinter than I figured when I wrote this jamboree.

it'll hurt you more'n it will him



When you pass this issue along to the man in the shop it will hurt you—oh, something awful!

But be a game sport! Grit your teeth! Resolve to be a hero and do it *anyhow*, 'cause when you see the smile of joy o'erspread his face, you'll feel repaid in full for your suffering and privation.

But if you can't stand the pain, we—generous individuals that we are—will be glad to furnish additional copies for wider distribution in the shop, with an extra one thrown in to soothe your agony.

Something like 95% of the
people of this country when
they reach the age of sixty
are dependent on friends
or relatives for support
GIVE YOUR RELATIVES A REST
MAKE THEM GLAD TO SEE U
BE SELF SUPPORTING !!

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DRILL CHIPS

JULY



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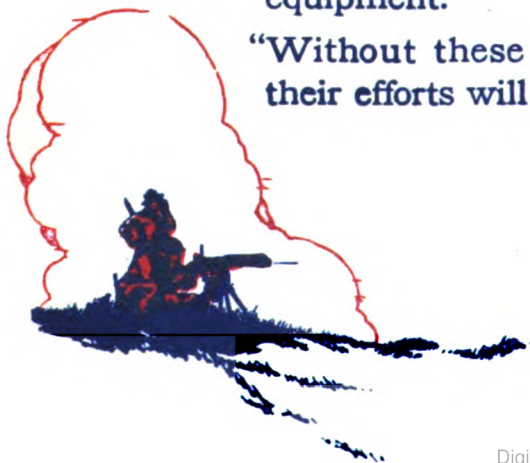
1918

They Only Ask~

“These men give freely, without complaint and without regret, whatever they have of life or hope. They ask no man to take their place.

“They only ask that those at home for whom they fight shall provide them with food and clothing, guns, munitions and equipment.

“Without these in abundance their efforts will be of no avail.”



DRILL CHIPS

Issued Monthly to the Elect as
"CLEVELAND" DRILLS DRILL an apostle of the doctrine that
MORE HOLES PER DRILL



10¢ Per Copy

Edited by C. H. Handerson

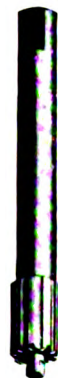
JOIN "THE YELLOW DOG CLUBBERS CLUB"

A FRENCH CAPTAIN, speaking at a public dinner, recently made the following significant, truthful and disquieting statement: "*The war will be won in the United States.*"

He referred to no immediate invasion of helmeted Huns, but to an equally deadly and much more subtle enemy—the Teuton propagandist. It is this last gentleman whom we must immediately fear with all our little hearts, for it is the Teuton propagandist who holds the reins of victory.

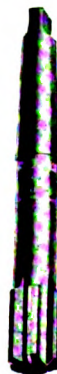
This may seem like a rather strong statement. As a matter of fact, it isn't strong *enough*. As a nation thinks, its soldiers fight, and, if the Teuton propagandist weakens our *will to win*, he will have won the battle for Hundom as surely as though he, himself, had led the battalions of darkness, for he will have destroyed the fighting spirit of our fighting forces.

C
No. 504



Peerless Expansion Chucking Reamer

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Peerless Core Reamer Straight Shank

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Indeed, the German propagandist in this country is leading the battalions of darkness, for his forces operate only where the way is secret and devious. He is the "ace" of camouflagers. I have before me as I write, over one hundred propagandist yarns. In no instance has the originator been brought to justice. Why? Because the originator, the *brain* behind this crafty battle, operates only under cover—secretly, clandestinely, like a skunk raiding a hen coop.

But the master brains behind all these damnable tales worry me not at all. It is the innocent fools who become party to these tales by telling them—they are the ones who have my goat, for without these word-of-mouth aids who pass the tales along, the master mind would be utterly helpless. He would be like a locomotive without tracks to run upon.

It is the innocent Hun-helper, the innocent tale-bearer, who needs the searchlight of publicity. These rumor-spreaders *par excellence* are the means of locomotion for these Teuton tales. They are the legs of the monster, and, therefore, it behooves us to inquire, "Who are these helpers of the Hun-hatched propaganda?" Are they

pro-Germans? Are they traitors in our midst? Not by several darnsights—

Ninety-nine per cent of these rumor-spreaders are good Americans but innocent suckers—like you and me.


It's men just like you and me who have helped the Hun to spread his diseased hand all across our country. Of course we do not do it *intentionally*, but our intentions have in no way hindered the effectiveness of our work.

We've gossiped too much! There's the root of the matter. We love to gossip! If *you* stopped talking and *I* stopped talking—if we each stopped passing idle rumor from lip to lip—Teuton propaganda and its train of evils would die in a week, purely because it would have no means of locomotion.

If, when you hear a suspiciously colored tale, you would demand and insist on *the authority* therefor—instead of sopping it up like a sponge—these tales and their tellers would shortly die of shame and ridicule.

This whole matter was ably handled in a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* in a story called "The Yellow Dog," by Henry Irving Dodge, who pointed out, in his own inimitable way, the yeoman service we innocent fools are doing the German Government when we whisper Hun-hatched rumors.




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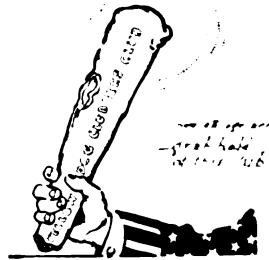


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It was a whale of a story, and it inspired one of our local organizations to form what they have dubbed "The Yellow Dog Clubbers Club." This informal club, my friends, is gaining power and significance by huge leaps and bounds.

As one American to another, I ask you to join. There are no dues nor initiation fees—except an earnest and militant desire to stop German propaganda from tripping lightly off your own tongue and the tongue of others likewise. Perhaps I can no better explain this "club," its purposes and its means of operation than to reproduce its modest announcement:

WHAT IS "THE YELLOW DOG CLUBBERS CLUB?"

Briefly: "The Yellow Dog Clubbers Club" is an informal but effective "Club" devoted to beating out the life of German propaganda in this country.

This propaganda is spreading like a prairie fire. It leaps from New York to Seattle in a week. And why? Because of inspired assistance? Because of an organized movement to promote its growth? Not entirely.

Why Hun Propaganda Thrives

Pro-German propaganda exists and thrives today because of the innocent aid lent it by honest-to-goodness Americans like yourself. To illustrate—

Jim, your friend, drops in for a chat. Business gossip is traded, and then he leans over and says, "Say, Bill, did you hear the 'latest'? I got it pretty straight that a German submarine sank a transport just outside New York harbor."

Immediately that tale has gained another tongue. Maybe you don't believe it, neither does Jim, but you whisper it once, twice—and it is off and on its way. Another week and it is spread across the entire country.

The Results

In its wake hundreds of mothers shiver in dread for their enlisted sons, fathers curse a careless convoy, dissatisfaction and criticism become rife, stocks quiver—and somewhere a German propagandist laughs at "those fool Americans."

Though that tale was a transparent falsehood, its growth and damnable results would have been utterly impossible without the widespread promotion lent it by us unthinking tale-bearers.

Sheer rumor—fanned and speeded on its way by such as you and me—impeded enlistments in 1917, hampers the Red Cross in 1918, and, if unchecked, bids fair to hamstring the country with fear and falsehood in 1919.

Stop It!—But How?

Stop it, throttle it—by enlisting as a charter and enthusiastic member of "The Yellow Dog Clubbers Club" and thus constituting yourself a sink-hole and death-trap for every rumor remotely savoring of the Hun's crafty hand.

But passive silence—though it will help—will not win the day. The Hun has four years the jump on us, and he is organized. To beat him at his game we must out-organize him, and we must transform ourselves instantly from innocent Hun-helpers to earnest "Yellow Dog Clubbers."

We must spread the "Club" propaganda with twice the enthusiasm that we once spread inspired enemy propaganda. We must go out into the highways and byways and make "Yellow Dog Converts," dozens of 'em



The Official "Club" Button



No. 517



Peerless Core Reamer



No. 509



Peerless Core Reamer Straight Shank



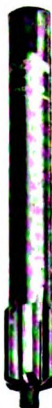
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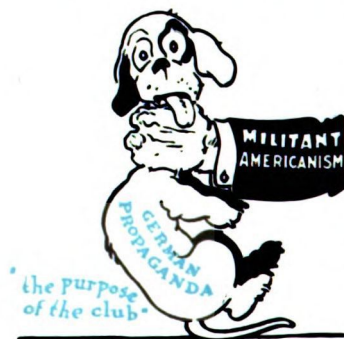
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daily. We must everywhere explain the purposes of the "Club" and its results—

The Purpose of the "Club"

The absolute starvation of German propaganda for lack of food to feed upon — for lack of tongues to pass the tale along.

In the future when you hear a Hun-built tale, demand the authority therefor. Ask the teller *how* he knows. He *never* really knows. Then tell him the tale of the "Yellow Dog" and the "Club." Pledge his support. He'll join, once he realizes the tremendous harm he is doing and the good he *can* do. Make yourself and all your acquaintances a formidable club uplifted against the lashing tongue of enemy propaganda.

The Result

It is only by so doing that we can hope to counteract and destroy the vicious poison of falsehood with which Teuton deviltry has surrounded us. It is only by so doing that we can free our country, free her to fight unworried by the snarl of that yellowest of dogs—the enemy's propagandist.

In place of Hun-hatched propaganda, henceforth spread the gospel of the "Yellow Dog;" make men ashamed to repeat these damnable tales; make them say to every malignant rumor as did Foch to the Hun himself, "So far shall you go, but no farther."

*Tie a Can to the Yellow Dog
Become a Yellow Dog "Clubber"
Get a Card and Button*

We urge you to spread the gospel of "The Yellow Dog Clubbers Club" among all of your employees—your salesmen especially. Do your earnest best to make the name of the Yellow Dog and "The Yellow Dog Clubbers Club" of national—yes, international significance, because in "The Yellow Dog Clubbers

Club" America has the first available antidote for enemy propaganda.

If you and all your friends, and all *their* friends in turn, will join in a united pledge of SILENCE against rumor—be it sheer rumor or only partial—if you will bestir yourself to this extent, the multi-tongued adder now thriving in our midst will be crushed. It will be robbed of its means of locomotion and with it will go the only thing which now endangers the morale of the American people—Hun-inspired propaganda and the Yellow Dog who sires it.

Note:—The above explanation of "The Yellow Dog Clubbers Club" will be furnished in neat envelope size folder at actual cost by The Cleveland Advertising Club. The same applies to the "membership card." Use both of these in factory payrolls, in outgoing mail and distribute them to your salesmen. Neither is copyrighted. Use 'em as you think best—in whole or in part. Boost "The Yellow Dog Clubbers Club," and thereby tie an eternal can to the "Yellow Dog" himself.

ME AND ALF—WE TURKISH

Editor's Note:—As a result of the following we figure on a conservative estimate that the consumption of alcoholic liquor will decrease approximately 34.8 per cent.

The Boss's Comment:—That may be so. One thing, however is sure—the death rate among our subscribers will increase not less than 50.48 per cent.

"HOW you feelin'?" says Alf.

"Rotten," says I, "simply rotten. Got one of those summer colds—sort of a hangover from a spring cold. Can't shake it off. Know anything good for it, Alf?"

"Do I know anything good for a *hangover*?" says Alf, hysterical like. "Listen, boy, I am your friend. Trust me as you would your mother. We are twin souls bound

*twin souls with
but a single
thought*



No.
509



Peerless
Core
Reamer
Straight
Shank



No.
503



Peerless
Chuck-
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Peerless
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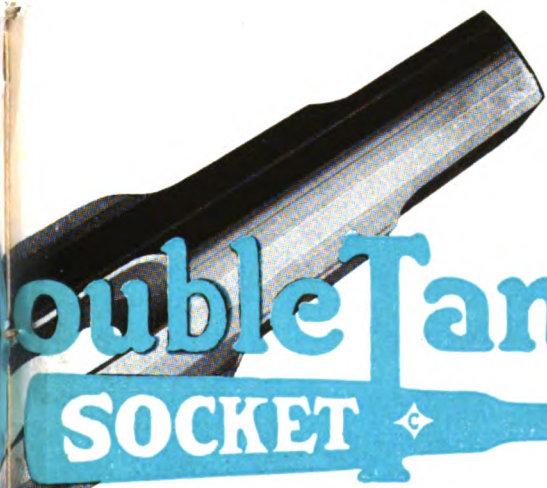
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"Double-Tang" Your Shop -

As new tools are received,
make them stronger and
more lasting with a



Send for
"ROB T"
HEAP SC

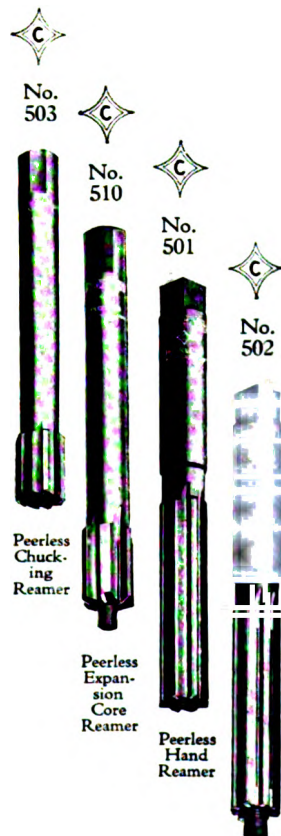


Double Tang SOCKET

It'll mean the end of tang troubles and the needless scrapping of partially used tools. With a "Double-Tanged" shop you'll buy less, delayed deliveries will affect you less, and—

You'll get full productive life from every taper shank tool—regardless of the life of the original tang.

for
THE SCRAP
p.





"Alf & I"



round with a woolen string. Notice my voice?"

"Yes," says I, "sounds like you'd been callin' cab numbers at a swell reception. What's the matter? Got a hangover from a spring cold, too?"

"No," says Alf, "from a convention. Same result and same cure. Come with me."

Thus it came about that Alf and I took a Turkish bath. I had never indulged in such luxuries before, and I wondered where the Turkish end of the bath came in. I lived to find out that there is absolutely nothing Turkish about a Turkish bath except the towels. The name is a misnomer—it's a disguise that hides the naked truth behind. But to continue—

We entered the portals of the bath arm in arm. Within was nothing to excite comment. The only visible decorations were a counter, a pawnbroker's safe, a picture of John Sullivan and a woman fighting off forty by the aid of hair dye and rouge. She looked at me, shot a ledger in my direction and said, "Register!"

"What for?" says I.

"Don't get smart, young feller," says she, "we're used to dealing with the likes of you."

This cordial welcome made me feel perfectly at home, so I registered and looked at Alf for further directions. He began taking off his watch, his fraternity pin, his pocket book and other alleged valuables. I got nervous 'cause I couldn't see the least sign of a bath—not even a screen. "What's the big idea?" says I. "I thought this was a Turkish bath, not a church bazaar."

But Alf said nothing. He just hands his wordly wealth over to Cutie and starts downstairs. I followed. Along a long, dark hall we prowled like a couple of thugs. At the end of it were two Ethiopians clad in a dark coat of tan. They certainly had the



largest and the itchiest palms ever attached to a human being. Probably that's why they had us put our valuables in the safe. One of them took Alf and the other took me, and escorted us to two slots where we were told to disrobe.

After removing our scenery, Alf and I started down the hall again, each robed in a sheet that was about six sizes too small in all four directions. Every time I looked at Alf I had to snicker to myself. His tailor certainly does wonders for him, but in a suit of Eden's making, he looked like the southwest corner of a pretzel. Of course, I never took any honors as a perfect thirty-six, but the more I looked at Alf the more confident I became that I had him shaded when it came to the Grecian statuary business.

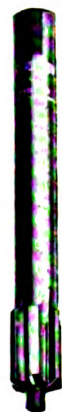
I'd still be laboring under this delusion, if it hadn't been for a mirror at the end of the hall. I took a look in it, and, instead of looking like a Roman senator out for a stroll on the Appian Way, I looked like a picture from the pages of a missionary magazine—you know the kind, where they line all the starving natives up in a ragged row and mug them for the horror and delight of the Ladies Aid Society. Fact is, I've been contributing to foreign missions quite regular as a direct result of such pictures, but, after getting a good look at myself in that mirror, I decided to quit donating because to any unprejudiced observer it was obvious that I needed nourishing food more than any Indian dervish on the map. Honest to goodness, I didn't think anyone could look as much like a hatrack as I did and still live.

I wrapped my handkerchief a bit tighter about my person, and prayed that no one else would be bathing, 'cause I felt certain a stranger, coming suddenly on me, would expire from fright.

Then I entered a tiled parlor that looked like the remains of a dairy lunch and felt like an attic in August. Sitting all about were figures in various stages of dilapidation. After giving two or three



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of them the "once over," I felt a lot better about myself and decided to take off my sheet and permit them to view a *real* figure. I peeled back majestic like, but nobody cheered or cried "*bravo*," so I figured they were too far gone to appreciate Art.

Then I sat down. That is to say, I seated myself on a chair—temporarily. No stop-watch was ever geared high enough to time my residence in that chair. It was so hot that every time I sat down I stood up. How

the dilapidated quartette stood it I don't know—they didn't seem to mind it in the least. One of three possibilities occurred to me—either they had been cooked to death, or they were sitting on iced cushions, or their parents had been tremendously cruel to them in their youth. Anyway, they all sat there and did nothing but droop and drip.

Alf, I noticed, was sitting coily on his sheetlette. That struck me as a good idea, so I eased down carefully onto mine and managed to stick long enough to get locally acclimated to the prevailing temperature.

At this juncture, Ethiopian No. 1 entered and wound a cold and clammy towel about my head and handed me a glass of water. I figured he must be the doctor of the place. They'd probably decided I was needing attention. Right away I felt sick. The more I thought about it, the sicker I got, so I stuck out my pulse and my tongue. He saw the first twitch of my muscles and stuck out his palm, but, when nothing fell into it, he retired in disgust. Obviously he was not the physician but merely a bellhop or busboy.

After we'd been sitting there long enough to hatch out a perspiration, one of the dilapidated ones began to shiver. He called for Sam and told him to turn on the heat, 'cause he was getting chills. What he needed was not a Turkish bath but a padded cell.



Then another amateur invalid came in. He weighed about two hundred and eighty-six, and, after some difficulty, he sat down next to me. Everything had been quiet till then, but he was for conversation and lots of it. He discussed the war—with himself mostly, because every time I opened my face to say something I nearly drowned in my own fat. But pretty soon he got tired of the monolog and turns to me and says, "Is your family *protected*?"

I took that as a personal insult. Just because I weighed 125 pounds in my smile was no reason for doubting my ability as a protector. "*Protected*?" says I, "I should say they are. Just look at me." Then I swelled out my chest to its full $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches expansion, and tried to look like an advertisement for a physical culture course. But evidently my act didn't get over the footlights with him because he continued—

"Mister, you will pardon me if I speak frankly. You look *sick*. Are you?" I looked at him and my indignation would have boiled over if it hadn't been baked out of me already. "Man," says I to him, "man, I have one foot on the earth and the other in Hades"—which was true, because Sambo had just entered and thrust one of my Trilbys into scalding water.

Still the inquisitive kewpie continued. "What you need is not the bath, or the doctor, but *insurance*!!"

"*Alf*," says I, "how long must we stay in here?" "Half an hour," breathes Alf through a haze of perspiration. "Not me," says I, "I came in to buy a bath not a phonograph. How do I get out without getting pinched?"

"Tell Sam you're ready," says Alf. "But which is Sam?" I countered. "The one with the razor cut on his hip and four toes on his foot," says Alf.

Sam was waiting for me, and led the way into one of the sextette of marble stalls, and told me to lie down. Then he uncoiled a hose and began to play fireman. I was the fire. I'll admit I was the color of a boiled beet but I had no idea I was dangerously near a conflagration. I took the punishment like a man—thanks to a rugged ancestry I managed to hold my breath as long as he held the hose. When he figured I was beyond the danger point, he told me to roll over. I did and nearly fell off the slab, but my brakes held at the critical moment and I stuck.

Then Sam lathers me all over—after putting towels under my more prominent angles to protect the slab from denting. When he'd finished lathering



No.
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me, I looked like a strawberry shortcake with whipped cream dressing. He stood back and viewed his handiwork. Then he took down a currycomb and began to see if my flesh was securely attached. I tried to call his attention to the fact that I was not a horse, but he splashed a bucket of water in my mouth and I subsided. When I had been planed down to his fancy, he stepped back again and called to his fellow piano-mover who was operating on another victim in the next booth.

"George," says he, "are you ready?"

"Sure," says a sepulchral voice, "what'll it be? 'Marching Through Georgie?'"

"Suits me," says Sam, "let her go!"

Right away I wished they'd made it "Soft and Low," or "See How the Birdies Sing"—*anything* except "Marching Through Georgia."

You've probably heard bellhops beat out "Turkey in the Straw" as they slip down the marble stairs? And you've heard Rastus rip out "The Old Camp Meetin' Rag" as he polished your shoes? All that harmless melody is very nice. I like to hear it myself. But everything has its place, and, take it from me, when they go to "Marching Through Georgia" on your seventh rib, music loses its charms!

Sam marched Georgia, Alabama and the State of Matrimony up and down me until I must have been ribbed with welts like a radiator. Every time I'd squirm he'd pound out an extra bit of tempo. Then he says, "Roll over." I rolled. This time he took "Dixie Land" for a stroll up and down my spinal column. Never in the future will I cheer when the band plays "Dixie." I can't conscientiously do it. I've got "Dixie Land" embedded in my hide like shrapnel. That man Sam was no massager—he was a muleteer.

When he'd finished me and "Dixie," he gave an extra flourish that brought me back to dim consciousness, and stood back and smiled until every one of his 796 carats showed. "Salt?" says he. "No," says I, "straight whisky." But he mistook my order and shoved me into a seventh circle labeled, "Steam Room." It was peopled with bodiless and restless spirits. I ran into four men and the steam trap before I lighted on a slab that was about as comfortable as a Pullman berth. There I sat and listened to some bodiless voice about three feet away who had it "*straight*" that the Liberty Motor was a rank fizzle.



15,000 ~ 20,000
Holes ~
and still
in the ring

Here's an unretouched photograph of No. 518

PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ **REAMER**

(Expansion Core Type)

It's reamed from 15,000 to 20,000 holes in drop-forged levers, and is still very much on the job.

Remarkable? Perhaps.

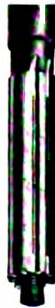
But "Peerless" does it because "Peerless" brings you more than the phenomenal cutting power of high speed steel —

"Peerless" brings you the toughness and life of an alloy.

Ask for a copy of
"BETTER HIGH
SPEED REAMING"



No.
502



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That remark got my goat. I was near death, but not too far gone to fight my country's battle. "Friend," said I, "you lie." After I had said it, I thought I might have broken the news more gently. But it was out and I had to see it through.

"What's that?" howled the speaker, in a high falsetto. "Who says I'm a liar?"

"I do," says I, in my deepest basso. "And I'm three points west by one south. Come on over and I'll prove it."

I heard the water dripping off him en route, but when a chap has a feminine voice like he had, I figured I could bluff him easily. Then he arrived. It was so steamy thereabouts that I couldn't tell whether he was standing on a box or was just *naturally* seven feet tall. The fact is I didn't take time to find out. I just took one look at his height and width and ducked for an extra thick and friendly cloud of steam. By sheer luck I hit the door. It cost me a toe-nail, but it was worth the price, for I rocketed out into the clear air while he hit the door *jamb*. If he'd made the exit it would have been all over, 'cause the running on those marble floors was powerful treacherous.

Sam saw me coming and had another hose ready. This one drew its water supply off some mountain glacier. Water is supposed to freeze at 32 degrees, but this water was running so fast it didn't have time to freeze. The first hundred gallons hit me one inch above the belt. I lost my breath right off the bat and couldn't collect enough to call a halt. First I thought I'd go back in the steam room and take my beating, but then I thought of the dressing room. I made it in just a little under ten seconds.

Here I weighed in. Two hours before I'd tipped the scales at 125 pounds. *Ad interim* I'd lost four pounds, a love for several national airs, a preference for hot weather, my self-respect—and a hangover from a spring cold. In the future I shall fight it out on the old lines if it takes all summer, but no more Turkishing for mine. Life is short enough as it is.



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Price 50 cents

Which we'll admit
is what they
cost us

**¶ And having thus chosen
our course without guile
and with pure purpose let
us renew our trust in God,
and go forward without
fear and with manly hearts**

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN



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DRILL CHIPS

AUG
1918



"I find that most men fail because of timidity; they are afraid to take a chance and will not work at the translation of their dreams into hard facts. They doubt themselves."

CHRISTIAN GIRL

President, Standard Parts Company



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an apostle of the doctrine that
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THE CLEVELAND TWIST DRILL COY. Cleveland Ohio

Edited by C. H. Handerson

BUSINESS—WHERE IS SHE?

*A Very Deep and Slippery Inquiry
By Our Staff Sleuth*

KNOWING that our readers depend implicitly upon us as an established and authoritative guide to social and business etiquette, we feel it our duty to warn you that it is no longer discreet to ask an acquaintance abruptly, "How's business?" because you never can tell how he'll take it.

Certainly he won't thank you for your curiosity, because his business is sure to be hung on one of the two horns of a dilemma—either his business "is" or it "isn't." If his business is—he won't answer your inquiry. He'll just yank out sixteen ounces of his hair, he may froth at the mouth, and the chances are he'll end by throwing a fit right on the pavement without uttering a word in reply.

Therefore, please be careful, 'cause when a chap's business "is," he don't like to be reminded of it after two in the morning.

Page One

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No. 403



H. S. Taper Shank Drill



No. 407



H. S. Three Fluted Drill



No. 417



H. S. Straight Shank Drill



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No. 436



H. S. Blacksmiths' Drill



No. 444



H. S. Bonding Drill



No. 930



H. S. Parago Forge Drills Hold World

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between
2 and 6



Between two a.m. and six a.m. he's set aside for golf and other family chores. From six a.m. till two the following morning he dedicates to a wild battle

with 10,001 irate customers, the United States Army, Navy, Signal Corps, Quartermaster - General and Privy Council of Everything Else, all of whom are convinced that he is a crook and a general degenerate. Naturally therefore he hates to be reminded of the horrors of wartime business. Keep off the subject. Ask him how his divorced wife is, or anything, but not "How's business?"

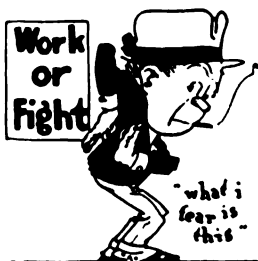
Then there is the other chap—the chap whose business "*isn't*," the chap whose business is out picking violets or sompin'. Don't ask *him* how business is either. He's trying to forget the past and the present. He's living on the future and on credit. Business to him is a prehistoric thing that once flourished on this earth, but has departed some time ago for the abode of the go-go bird and other similar monstrosities of ancient and glorious days.

He—this chap whose business "*isn't*"—causes me some worry. He's down in the mouth. He looks as if his wife's relatives had decided to spend a month with him.

He's just hankering for a chance to spill his tears publicly. And, if a bunch of these birds got to spilling simultaneously and at once, the ensuing deluge might cause one of those "psychological depressions," and then everybody'd get the cramps. Perhaps that precise thing couldn't happen with the Government buying over \$41,000,000 worth of stuff daily, but with a bunch of idle and despondent business men sitting around and dining on fingernails and ingrowing grouch—well, the Devil and Bill the Kaiser are said to have plenty of employment for idle hands.

What I fear is this—that some chap with a fertile dome and one of those hyphenated Von-something-or-others in his name will concoct a vicious business tale that will unsettle the country. What this tale might be I don't pretend to guess. But leave it to the Kaiser's propagandists to make it clever and deadly. Such a tale would be seized upon with avidity by these depressed business men, and it might be a nasty influence to overcome. Before it gasped out its life it might work untold harm to business and the winning of the war.

Therefore garbed in fear and righteousness we now set out to destroy the foundation for any such tale. But before we destroy this unborn monster, let us understand more fully



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H. S. Paragon Forger Drills Field World



where business is today.

Business — normal business—is like a tremendous river; it rolls out widely over the landscape and it waters and prospers many fields. Like the mouth of the Mississippi, it extends in all directions as far as the eye can reach. That is a rough picture of normal business.

But when war comes, business changes—not in power but in shape. The channel of business deepens. Its width draws in. Instead of watering a vast territory with its riches, it now influences but a narrow strip. As a result, deserts spring up where an Eden once flourished. Towns are left high and dry that once prospered amazingly.

But all the time there is just as much—and probably more—water in the river than of yore. The power is there as in the past. Only the *course* of the river of business changes in war-time, and the vast current is devoted not to winning fortune for many, but to winning a single thing—the war.

Today there is as much business as ever, but, like the sun through a reading glass, its power is focused on a single objective. But the results of this change in the business route are not entirely negative. Business deserts of yesterday are flowering Edens of today. Rusty wheels of the past are flashing with use at the

present. Business is booming, but not in its accustomed channels. So what foundation is there for a story about bad business? Such a tale would be a rank perversion and distortion of the facts.

When men ceased driving horses and changed to automobiles, no one yelled about bad business. No. Those who were bitten by the shift in the business stream merely changed their abode. Because the course of the stream had changed, no one claimed that the stream had gone out of business entirely. Not at all. They just packed up their rubber plants and gold fish and moved over to the river again, like the squatters on the banks of the wandering Missouri. Wright Brothers quit repairing bicycle tires and took to aeroplanes. Henry Ford quit putting spokes in kids' wheels and took to automobile manufacturing. And the rest of us followed in their caravan.

And so with American business today. She is not dead. Neither does she sleep. She has merely changed her residence temporarily, and will doubtless return to her former abode when the Kaiser cries "Enough!" All of which reminds us that when the war is over her process of moving back to her old home may leave large and lonesome flocks of us marooned on the dry and shifting shores, and yodeling loudly about our loss of business.

When that time comes, hoof hastily to the family Bible on the



No.
407



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



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Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smith's
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Record



top shelf of the cellar bookcase, and you will find that the Children of Israel, when the Red Sea went dry for a spell, picked up their belongings and beat it. Note you, they didn't stand and make faces at each other on the parched and waterless banks.

Not a bit of it—they *crossed over*. In that act is hidden the basic reason for the continual prosperity of said children—they don't use up their energy bewailing the fact that the waters of business are gone. No! Oh, nonono! They gird up their loins and their phonographs and *cross over*—to where business is.

That brings us to another question. Where will business reside after the war? I trust you will pardon a slight interruption here. We would like to consult our soothsayer and astrologist before giving you a definite answer. But fear not, for we will return in a jiffy, dangling the answer in our little paddy. *Ad interim* we might suggest that you watch the course of the River of Business and be prepared to move swiftly.

"ONE HELL OF A FINE IDEA"

IT IS the privilege of every American to express himself when and where he may see fit. Most of us make the most of this privilege. Our Statistical Bureau informs us that something like 99,980,000 Americans regard themselves as logical successors of

Chauncey Depew when it comes to the gentle art of after-dinner speaking. The remaining 20,000, who hold no such illusions about themselves, are either deaf or dumb or probably—both.

Get any average man in a confidential mood and he will admit that he can talk upwards of twenty minutes on any subject with only the most casual warning. That is probably true. After years of training, even I can talk for thirty-five minutes provided I am not required to say anything.

But the public speakers, who can arise after a ten-course banquet and forget their hunger long enough to actually *say* something, such men can be numbered on the fingers of your hands. Among these favored few is a man by the name of Crane—Doctor Crane. I don't know whether he's a doctor of medicine, of theology, or of horses. But I do know that he can compress into twenty minutes more real brain fodder than any other man in this country.

Crane is no highbrow, as is proven by his 3,000,000 or more readers, who devour his stuff in the daily papers of the country. Crane talks plain United States. You can understand what he says without dragging a "P. H. D." around in your trunk. He's a regular fellow, he uses slang, on occasion he swears mildly, and he's one of the eighteen living men who can wear a Prince Albert—it's a coat and not a tobacco—without looking self-conscious and silly.

I had the great fortune to hear him recently, and

(the average man - (in a Prince Albert) (of course he may not look like this but he feels like it)



No.
417



H. S.
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Shank
Drill



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426



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Tube
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436



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Blacksmiths'
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No.
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tool—he *can't* with a

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Drilling



it is to be regretted that our little space does not permit reproduction of his entire address. Part of it only can we quote, but that part was and still is well worth the price of admission. Try it and see for yourself—

"The other day I was talking to one of the officials of one of our foremost railroads and he said to me, 'You are in close touch with the people; I wish you would tell me what the trouble is. We just had a law passed, up at Albany, which is very unjust to the railroads, and every time we come up before the legislature they give us a crack. Why is there this sentiment against the railroads?'

"I will tell you,' I said, 'if you want to know. The trouble is that you haven't any plain horse sense. You have plenty of the other kind, but none of the common, garden variety.'

"The other day you wanted fifty-five million dollars. Where did you go? You went to a Wall Street meeting, where were seated a lot of gentlemen with protruding abdomens, and you said you wanted fifty-five million dollars. One of the gentlemen pushed a button and a porter came in, and the gentleman said, 'James, get the gentleman fifty-five million dollars,' and that is all there was to it. You always do it that way.'

"Suppose you had gotten that money at the window of every place where you sell tickets in your railroad system, so that all the teachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and thieves all over the country could have helped, and it would have been *our* road. *Everyone* would have had an interest in it. You haven't gone at the thing in the right way. You haven't realized that you are a public corporation. You call yourselves quasi public today, but the first thing you know, you will be wholly public; you will fool



along until the United States comes along and gobbles you up some day. It has pretty near done it now.'

"Furthermore, the little fellows have the money. Big fellows haven't any. There isn't any money on Wall Street. I used to think they had it, but they haven't. All they have there is just pieces of paper. Do you know how much money J. P. Morgan had when he died, money—actual cash? He had about \$175.00. Why, a lot of barbers in New York have more money than he did!

"Of course he knew where he could get it, but he didn't have it. Only poor boobs hang on to it. He had more sense than to keep it. He was sending his money all over the country, and it was working for him and making more money—that is the way rich men do.

"And since the United States itself—the greatest corporation in the world—has not been too proud or too big to get out and ask the servant girls and hired men to give twenty-five cents apiece, let us hope the big corporations, when this war is over, will have sense enough to do the same thing. Then you are on the road to the real democracy; when all your laborers have stock, even twenty-five cents' worth, in the corporation, they will be a little more particular about striking against it. The day of 'ours' and 'yours' will be past, it will all be 'ours.'

"Then we are learning from this War who the really *big* men of the country are. We have one peculiar product in this country. We have some writers, expert artists, etc., but they have had all those over abroad. But never have there been produced in any country on the face of the earth men like Charles M. Schwab. *They don't make them. That is our peculiar American product*, and it took this war to wake us up, and show us that, after all, these men were not common enemies, *but the best thing we have over here.*

"If you want a man to discharge any particular function, find the man that has already discharged it, and made good. If



No.
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No.
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No.
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H. S.
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smiths'
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we want the business of the country attended to, *we have got to get the men who are in the habit of attending to business.* It is the survival of the fittest in its crudest form.

"Every once in a while we hear the fellow roaming about the country without a job, telling us how we were not prepared when we got into the war. Well, we began to prepare when we got into it. Maybe it *was* late, but I want to tell you that since the foundation of the world there never has been a bit of

preparation to compare with the preparation of the United States in this war.

"By 1919 we will have an army of five million men—not men scraped up from the scum, not forced in, but the pick of the flower of the human race. Never has there been such an army gathered before in the world. We will have a navy as great as Great Britain's, than which there is no greater in the world. We will have a merchant marine larger than all of Europe put together. We will do this, and will have done it within one or two years. One thousand men a day, and over, are going now, today. There never has been a movement of troops comparable to this.

"I was talking the other day to an officer of high command in Washington, whose name I cannot mention. He said, 'There is one thing I want to tell you: we started into this war, and are fixing up—not for a war of one or two years—but, if necessary, for a war of thirty years. *We are getting ready to stick to this thing when all the rest of them quit.*'

"We have nothing to win. Germany might withdraw from Belgium, from France, and give up Alsace and Lorraine, and they would all quit, and go back. But *we* are over there to produce a revolution in Germany. We are over there to make the Hohenzollern family get out of a job, *and we are not coming back until it is done.*

"We are in this war for no money, for no territory, but for an idea, and believe me, boys, *it's one hell of a fine idea!*"



"OH JANE, SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED . . ."

A Simple Explanation of Why the Phone Rates Are Rising

THERE'S been a pile of palavering of late about telephone rates. The telephone companies think they're losing money—which doesn't worry anyone but the telephone companies. The dear public seem to think that losing money is one of the inalienable privileges of public service corporations.

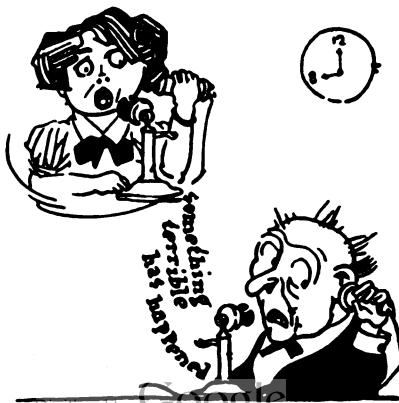
The net result to date has been a lot of superheated conversation. The phone companies have talked, and the public have talked back, and sundry boards of arbitration have been as busy as a dog burying a bone in a cement floor. But still the rates go up, which is an outrage you will agree.

Of course it's an outrage. We almost *never* use the phone at our house. Nobody ever uses it. I don't see why we *have* it. When we do *have* to use it we just say, "Hello! What is the price of sugar today? Twelve cents? Goodness gracious, is that possible? Well, send us over half a pound, right away. The baby is sick."

No, nobody ever uses the phone. Take last night for example. I was puffing my pipe and Clementine was rounding the toe on her hundredth sock. Pretty soon the phone rang. Clementine dropped her sock in the waste basket and answered. The following conversation took place—

"Hello, hello! Y-e-e-s. Oh, is this you, Jane, dear? Yes, this is Clem. Oh honey, I'm so glad you called. Something terrible has happened."

This cheering announcement scared the life out of me. Mentally I took an inventory of my relatives and read the death notices through twice. But none of them were there. The baby had lost no teeth by the swinging door route. The maid, to my knowledge, still lingered with us. The rent was paid. Even the pup showed no signs of recent deviltry. Yet



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Record



whatz that?
-- huh??
--?--?



Clem said something *terrible* had happened. and Clem almost never lies except under extreme provocation. Obviously I had to await further dispatches from the front.

They were a long, long time in coming. Jane had to express her abject horror at this unannounced terrible thing that had happened. It took her all of three minutes to do it. Then business started up again at our end of the line.

"Yes, Jane, dear, it is simply *terrible*. I never heard of anything like it in all my life. You know Betty?" (The bomb was about to

drop.) "Betty Comstock—you know *her*? Oh, by the way, did you know she had a new baby? Yes, her second. Uh, huh. And he's the darlingest little thing you *ever* saw. Oh, lots of it—all over its head." (Long pause with occasional exclamations) then—"No, not one *bit* like Betty. More like his father—"

Another long and pregnant pause with one or two snickers.

"Well, I wouldn't hardly say that. I don't know him very well *myself*, but Ed says—and you know Ed almost *never* knocks—Ed says that Bill gets his fingernails manicured every Saturday and wears socks and ties that match. Men are funny that way, aren't they? Uh, huh. It's such a pity the baby looks like him. But he may get over it. Uh, huh. Now you take *our* baby—he looked almost *exactly* like Ed until he was eight months old. Then he began to look a lot better. Teeth, you know, make an awful lot of difference in a child."

Another long desert of conversation. I vaguely wondered what Jane was handing *her* husband. But the wind has changed. Things were getting exciting. I could tell that from the tense exclamations from Clem. Juicy gossip was fleeting o'er that wire. I knew it. A divorce perhaps—but no—nothing as mundane as that—

"You mean the one with the little yoke? Yes, I saw it. Oh, it's a perfect little *dear*, but so expensive for such a little thing! Yes, everything they have is expensive, but I get almost all my clothes there because I find they have the



best assortment. But they are *terrifically* expensive. Yesterday when I was out looking for handkerchiefs, I saw that same thing in a dozen other stores for four ninety-five.

"Uh, huh. Oh, it does take *so* long to do any shopping. And the clerks!!" (Snort of utter disgust here.) "Aren't they awful? Yesterday, for instance, I didn't want to *buy* anything. I was just out to get some ideas, and when the clerk found it out, she treated me *disgracefully*. Oh, I was *so embarrassed*. I hadn't been in there more than an hour, and they weren't very busy either. I shall never go in there again—except when they have special sales."

Then Jane took ahold of the conversation. Nothing developed. Nothing that was even enlightening. Just a fusillade of snickers and a barrage of indefinite grunts—not an inkling of that "*terrible* thing." Presently the maid problem put in its appearance, but largely in a sort of code, for our fairy was still boosting business for the pottery crowd out in the kitchen.

The clock struck eight-thirty. Clem and Jane had been at it twenty-five minutes and still there was no sign of either the "*terrible* thing" or the end of the conversation. Presently the war bobbed up as a likely object of discussion. The average woman discusses the war as if it were but another example of masculine insanity to be regretted but borne bravely. The conversation ran thusly:—

"Oh yes, Ed is in the draft. Yes, just terribly. Sometimes I can't sleep at night. But I *know* Ed can't qualify. He smokes altogether too many cigarettes"—this in a loud voice to insure my getting an earful—"and he works so much at the office nights that he's way under weight." (Oh, if the boss could only have heard that. Women will believe almost anything—if you lie consistently. But for Heaven's sake be consistent and remember what you said last time.) "Hello, hello, hello! Are you there, Jane? Oh, isn't this *annoying*!!" (Obviously one of those line-leeches wanted to call the iceman or something.) "Will you please get off the line? We are using it. No, we haven't. We just began." (I told you that Clem almost never lies except





under extreme provocation.) "There, she's rung up. Those people *just drive me crazy*. Every time we try to use—uh, huh. N-o-o-o-o. But let me tell you *this* about her . . ."

And so it continued. I was reminded of the story of a certain widow who had her deceased hubby on a spiritualistic telephone. The conversation ran something like this. "John, dear," says she, "is that you?" John admitted the accusation. "Are you happy, John?" says the lady. John said he was happy. "But John," insisted the fair one, "are you happier than you were when you were on earth with me?" John considered a minute and

then replied that he was considerably happier than he had ever been before. "Oh!" says the spiritualistic widow, "Heaven must be a wonderful place." "I guess it is," says John, "but I don't know. I'm not in Heaven."

My wife gets hot about the collar every time I pull that story. Too bad, too, because it's fine for making conversation when the neighbors come in. Clem says some time I'll tell it to a spiritualist and get my face smashed.

Then the conversation ran into a blind alley. Clem was trying to pull away and Jane was trying to stick. They gibble-gabbed around until Jane decided to invite Clem over "so's to tell her something." It seemed to me she could have told her the story of her life by now. But Clem was offish about it—

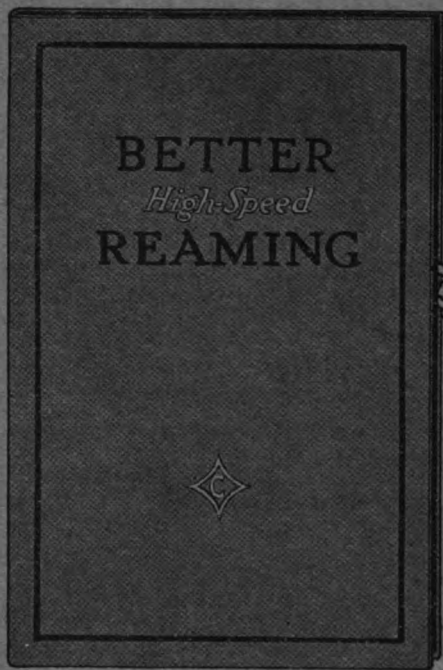
"No, Jane, I can't come 'cause I can't drive the machine. Something's wrong with it, Ed says. Every time I drive it, it runs into something—it don't *steer right*. You know how machines are!"

. . . the clock struck nine before Clem landed the knockout. The next day I came out as advocating an immediate increase in telephone rates. If you have read this far, you, likewise, will probably be converted—or insane.



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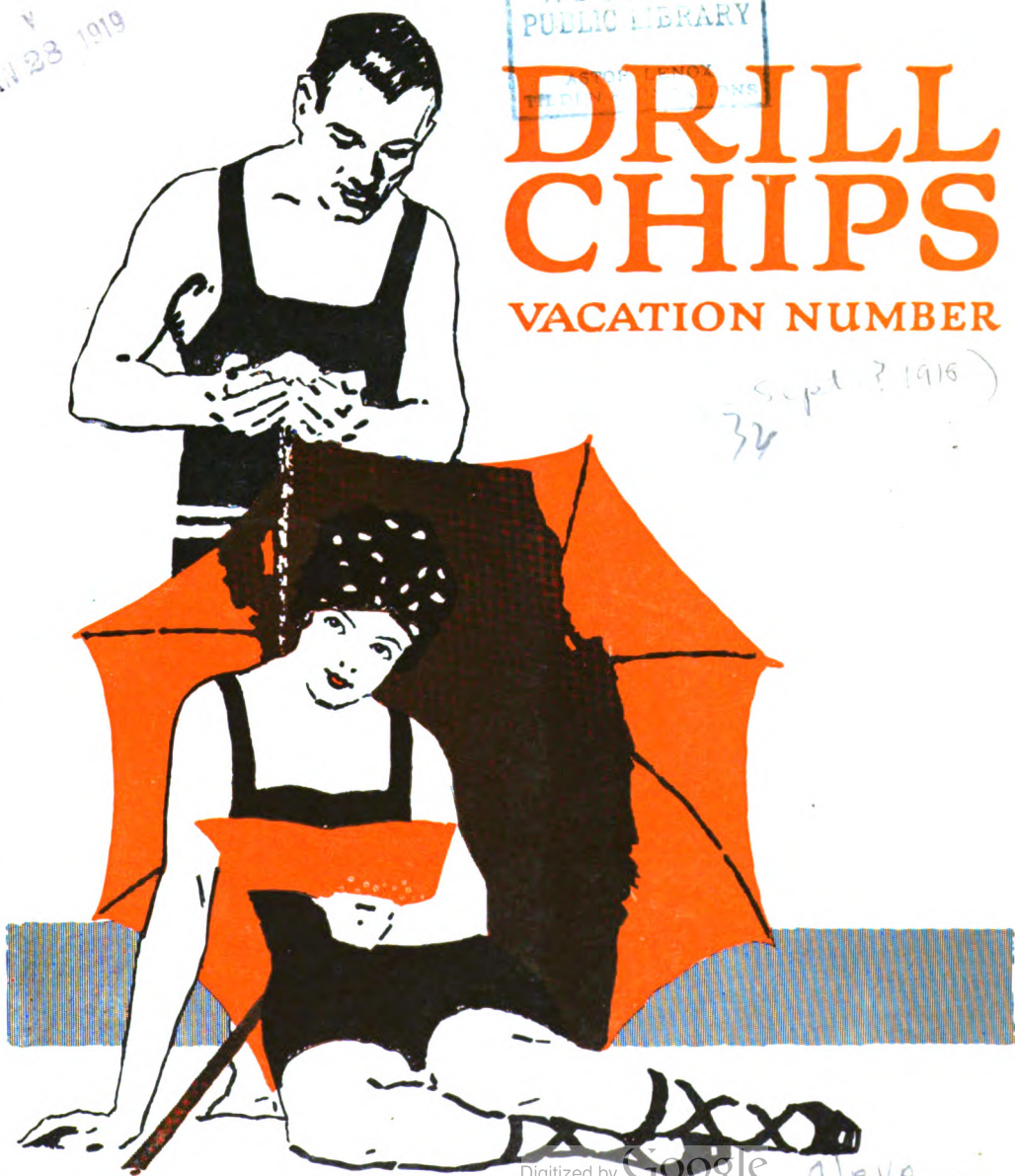
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Edited by C. H. Handerson

A BRILLIANT IDEA

Slightly Tarnished

WE'VE been reading a lot lately about the marvellous possibilities awaiting the wise down in South America and elsewhere. We don't know anything about it, 'cause we're too busy here at home, but, from what we hear, everyone doesn't seem to be unanimously in accord on the subject. Some say it's true and some say 'taint. But to date the enthusiasts seem to have the upper hand — whether because their lungs are more leathern or their cause more just than their adversary's, I do not know. In any event the general impression is abroad in the land that the natives of Bolivia, Chile, *et al.*, are running around clothed in barrels for lack of United States gingham, shoes and other essentials of modest civilization.

Without taking sides, and just for the sake of making a rumpus, let's grant that South America and the other countries down over the rim of the world *are* in



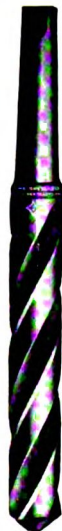
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H. S.
Taper
Shank
Drill



No.
407



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



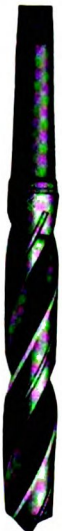
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H. S.
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No.
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H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
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Hold
World's
Drilling
Record

the dreadful "line"



desperate straits for stuff of various kinds. Let's grant that anybody at all can get shamefully wealthy just by sending a catalog down there. Hav-

ing granted all of that, where are we at? Obviously we are no place in particular because, before you get the money, you've got to manufacture the goods. Up to the manufacturing point, South American and other foreign trade is magnolious. But, oh Ignatz, when it comes to the manufacturing thereof! It is then that the plot gets thick and as clear as a kettle of Mississippi mud.

If you are a shrewd spectator of passing history, you may have observed that we are at war. You may also have sensed the fact that the dreadful line which separates the essential from the non-essential industry is being slowly but surely drawn by the hidden hand of necessity. No one, as yet, has announced just who is and who isn't essential. Why should they? There are several highly satisfactory ways of skinning a cat and just as many ways of creating non-essentials. For example, President Wilson doesn't have to *announce* publicly that baby buggies are non-essential. That would hurt the feelings of the

babies and the baby buggy manufacturers. It would be a crude and brutal method of wielding the ax. Our finer feelings would resent it. So he doesn't announce it. No. He just gets son McAdoo on the phone, and says, "Mac, is this you, old top?" Mac 'lows as what it is. "Well, Mac," says President Wilson, "put baby buggies on."

Next day Mac comes out and announces that all regular, thirty-third degree patriots will henceforth use *last year's* baby buggy. Of course, every one of us is woefully anxious to be a regular patriot no matter what the cost, so we all get out last year's baby buggy and put this year's baby in it—at a dreadful sacrifice to our pride, as you may imagine—but we do it, because we're howling patriots—and pretty soon all the baby buggy manufacturers get the sniffles and go bust.

Yes, there are several dainty ways of lobbing off the heads of non-essentials, and you have got to hand it to McAdoo and his cohorts that they have selected the most graceful and least painful of the lot. But we digress from the plot. We were saying that export trade is all gold and tinsel *until* you come to manufacture the stuff. Then you run onto the non-essential business.

Immediately the question arises—is



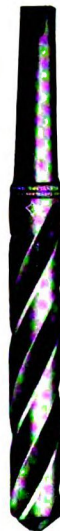
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export trade necessary to the conduct of the war? Obviously it is not—except insofar as it supplies us with war essentials like tin, quinine, etc., foreign trade, as such, could hardly be called a howling

essential. Anyhow, whether you think so or not doesn't matter, because the Government seems to think it isn't, and that settles it.

With foreign trade, as it is generally recognized, tabulated among the non-essentials, what chance has it to survive in the great race after the available supply of steel, etc.? It doesn't take a Philadelphia lawyer to determine that it hasn't got any chance at all, at all. *Ergo*, exit foreign trade.

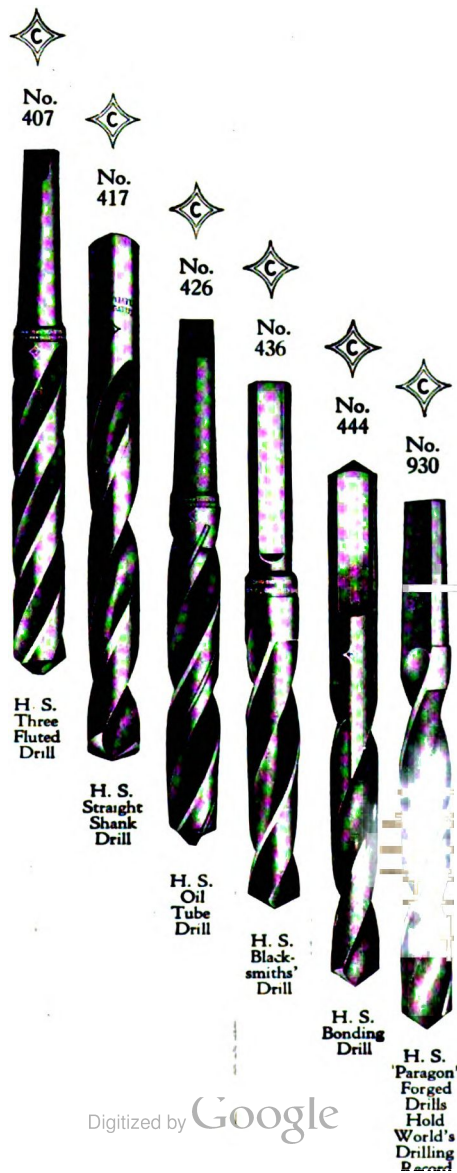
And right here I have gotten myself into an extremely embarrassing predicament, for, by killing foreign trade I have killed my whole *dramatis personae* in the first act. Apparently, therefore, there is no legitimate reason for continuing my tale. But wait and see; Belasco has naught on me.

Obviously our first duty today is to win the war. But it is within the realms of imagination that our manufacturing facilities will shortly align themselves so that we will have a sufficient of war needs in sight, or within call. England has finally managed to get the business of winning the war pretty well organized, and England, as well as some other of our allies, is

rumored to be doing a little something towards feathering its commercial nest *after the war*.

May we not do the same? We may. But how? That is where the balance of this article finds excuse for being. Both our enemies and our allies are keeping a weather eye on the future. Space prevents details. Just take our word for it. Our allies are finding that they can fight a good fight while still maintaining a respectable standing on some lines in the foreign markets. We are not the only beau camping on the doorstep of the South American brunette. How may we land a 100 per cent blow on the beak of the Kaiser while girding our loins for the commercial battle that is sure to come? That's the question.

Right here and now is where the really clever part of this article puts in its appearance. (We thought it wise to warn you lest the fact escaped unnoticed.) If you will take your eyes off the zigzag trench-line of Europe, you will observe that manufacturing—especially manufacturing of war material of consequence—stops a little way west of the Father of Waters. That vast territory west of the Mississippi, from the manufacturing standpoint, is little embroiled in the war. It is far removed from the iron and coal centers. Its distance from certain Atlantic ports (deleted by censor) is such that transportation of bulky munitions becomes a well nigh insurmountable problem, its manu-





"cleaning
the kaiser"



facturing facilities are little developed, and it is problematical if they could be developed in time to be of much consequence in cleaning the Kaiser. In short, the West—especially the Western coast—is so situated that its

weight in the scales of victory can be little from the manufacturing standpoint.

BUT—tremendous possibilities are sleeping out West. Ask any Westerner. The Rockies teem with bubbling, sparkling electrical energy in the crude. Power undreamed of—power that makes Niagara look like a leaky faucet—now fritters out its life in pretty waterfalls and other touristic attractions. And all this wasted power contains seeds of boundless manufacturing *and trade*.

Ah, now you begin to see the golden gleam in the Western sunset. It is even possible that you have anticipated our suggestion, which is this: Would it not be possible to carry water on both our shoulders? On our Eastern and Central shoulders we might carry the war and its multitudinous manufacturing burdens. On our Western shoulder—a shoulder unsuited for war's burdens—we might find room for the manufacture of such goods as are now urgently required by South American markets. Would it not be possible for our suddenly paternal Government to regard the Western coast—now almost precluded from active participation in the war—as a reservoir from which the opportunities of South America might be watered and cultivated?

Machinists
We can use a large number of First Class Men on AEROPLANE WORK for

Machinists
We can use a large number of First Class Men on AEROPLANE WORK for THE GOVERNMENT DAY AND NIGHT SHIFTS Fox Lathes

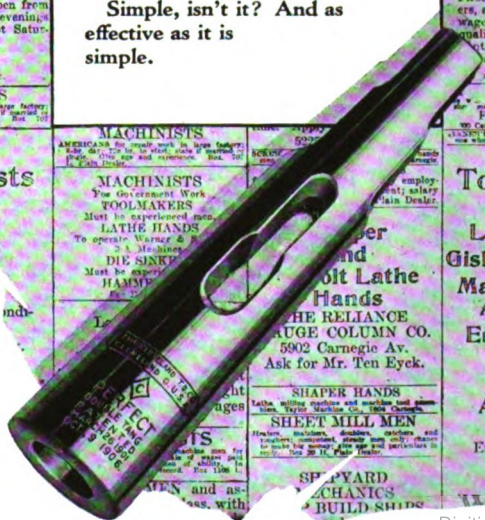
Experts Not Needed

It's easy to reclaim broken-tanged tools with a

Perfect Double Tany SOCKET

They're so simple almost anyone can use 'em—just grind a new tang below the old and broken one (thus avoiding all danger to the taper or axis of the tool) and the job's done.

Simple, isn't it? And as effective as it is simple.



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No. 436



H. S. Blacksmiths' Drill



No. 444



H. S. Paragon Drill



No. 930



H. S. Paragon Forged Drills Hold World's Drilling Record



And perhaps some of our Eastern manufacturers who are now regarded as non-essentials might be reclassified under a new and less embarrassing sub-division to be known as "export essentials?" This rejuvenated Easterner and his new-born Western manufacturing colleague could then join hands under Government co-operation to the end that, when the war is over, America and American manufacturers will not have become unknown quantities in foreign fields.

If South America is as full of golden trade as rumor paints it, if other nations are able to cater to it even though they be at war—may we not likewise, with perfect grace, suggest the official recognition of the export situation and the relation of our Western manufacturers and undeveloped Western manufacturing to the establishment of an export trade?

There are objections—many of them. Labor should not be taken from the labor-famished Eastern centers. True. But why not put a few of those beloved interned Huns to work making shoes for South Americans? Even *they* couldn't find serious objection to that—they who use our boys to dig front line trenches, they who use Russian prisoners and Belgian women to make munitions.

There is also the problem of raw materials. This would have to be studied in relation to the market, so that the West would specialize on export goods requiring a minimum of materials likewise required by Mr. Mars.

But why insult the cranial capacity of our executive heads by making *all* the details too abominably clear?



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Grind a new tang below the old and broken one (no danger to the taper in doing this), slip the tool into a "Perfect Double-Tang" and the job's done—while the tool's actually 25 to 60 per cent stronger than before.



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Common decency dictates that we leave a little something to their ingenuity, else how could they conscientiously claim their pitiful salaries. For such men it is sufficient that we have pointed the way. We, like Horace Greeley, have erected a signpost which points west. At first glance the suggestion may sound fantastic — yet if the demand is there and the power to fill it also, why turn a deaf ear to the jingle of South America without at least expending a little thought and effort?



BEFORE you get off the boat, take one more look at our front cover. We've certainly got something distinctly different there. Pretty girls—this girl isn't very pretty in the picture, but the artist says that she's a humdinger in real life—pretty girls for some reason have never been used on magazine covers. Probably you've noticed that before. Apparently nobody has seen the commercial possibilities of feminine beauty. Of course, various Amazons have appeared on pill boxes and shaving lotions, but never on magazine covers.

And a pretty girl in a *bathing suit*—ah, boys, that is the summit, that is the very Pike's Peak of originality and daring. I personally wanted to have her suit show less, but the Boss—and he's sort



of up on this art stuff—he wouldn't stand for it. He said the men of this nation must attend strictly to business, and anyway all the oculists have gone to the front. Sherman was right.

But while we're on the subject of art—which we weren't—I want to unburden my soul. For a number of years I've held my tongue between my teeth lest it slip and reveal me as I am—a cod, and a nincompoop, whose uncultured soul sees more in the monetary cackle of a setting hen than in the colorful beauties of an Italian sun engaged in the same occupation.

The fact is, I've never been very keen after this art stuff, which is a disgrace I'll admit. But, to postpone discovery, after conscientious practice, I've perfected a surprisingly natural expression of rapt adoration which I use with great success when viewing the works of old masters and other oil slingers of a more recent era.

This facial prevarication of mine—especially when seconded by such verbal decorations as, "Isn't it magnificent?" "A wonderful use of color!" "Notice the nice refinement of feeling!!!" "What exquisite interpretation!" etc. (see chapter two of *How to Act at an Art Museum* for further aids)—has thus far enabled me to get by as something of a critic—as a man who appreciates the finer things of life. But it's all a lie and I know it.

For a long time I have known that sooner or later the truth would catch up with me and I would stand disclosed as a common sort whose eye sucks more inspiration from a gaudy burlesque poster than from the finest imagery of an Angelo. I've dreaded that hour, but, as it now appears, without cause, for no longer will I be alone in my agony. A certain Mr. Berenson—he is up among the Four Hundred when it comes to daubs and daubing—has written a book. Of course, there is nothing remarkable about that except that a goodly portion of this book is devoted to hanging



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"Paris Models" crepe on the reputation of Mister Leonardo da Vinci, and Leo, you know, was some sort of a Worshipful Past Master in the House Painters Lodge of ancient Italy. Mr. Berenson intimates that if Leo lived today he might possibly earn his living painting plaster-of-paris models for a medical museum,—all of which corresponds exactly with my carefully hidden sentiments.

I am immensely glad that Brother Berenson had the nerve to break the ice in this manly fashion, for it now permits me to say a few fermented words on Art without suffering the penalty usually handed out to pioneers in unpopular movements.

Last Sunday me and Clem made our annual pilgrimage to our local art museum. I did it—not because I wanted to (perish the thought)—but because the Chancellor of our Domestic Granary was possessed of superior verbal artillery. Furthermore, such a pilgrimage is the yearly duty of every voting male who wishes to linger within the precincts of refined society. In our set, doncherknow, one must always be ready to discourse eloquently, if not intelligently, on the latest loan collection, and to do so with any degree of safety, it is always best to know the general color scheme of the paintings and, if possible, the subjects. Even a bluff needs some sort of foundation.

Well, to make a long story short, no fortunate accident prevented our arrival. *Ergo*, we arrived. We were early, but thirty odd women and three more who were even *odder* were before us. There was also a sprinkling of harassed looking males and half a dozen artists. Everybody was hurrying nervously from room to room, like flies in a glass tumbler. The big idea seemed to be to make a hundred yards of pictures in the shortest possible time. If they gave medals for the winners, I'd look like John Philip Sousa.

The first room was devoted to war posters—both domestic and artistic. These were being laboriously inspected by two school teachers and a giggly



girl. How did I know they were school teachers? Didn't they wear sensible shoes, and didn't they have on long microby skirts? Man alive, do you think I had to *ask* them?

The two school marms progressed from poster to poster in studious succession. I think they were studying French, and figured that the French phrases were good practice. Pretty soon they came to one that was a beauty. She was a striking affair in an ideal hot weather costume. It looked like an underwear advertisement. Maybe it was. I no *parlez vous*. When the school committee got to her, they stiffened perceptibly, whispered excitedly, grabbed giggly girl and rubber-heeled out of the room just as if someone had said "*dam*" right out loud without begging pardon first. I'll bet the Art Director got a hot letter from the principal next day—the *idea* of pulling such pictures before the eyes of our youth!!

I was still looking at the underwear ad, when a job lot of alfalfa, who looked like a leaf out of a Nihilist's handbook, rolled in. I figured he could bear a lot of watching. He bore it exceedingly well. For five minutes I stared at him while he stared at a ghastly scene of wartime carnage without moving a muscle. I expected him to pull a bomb out of his chin mattress, but all he did was to flap his arms in a loose-jointed hopeless way and murmur, "Gott, Gott!"

Then he went out. That is to say, he *started* out, but was brushed aside by a streak of yellow fringed in fox, who imperiously ordered her chauffeur to be back at three. You could tell right off that she was a Somebody. She took one look into the room, swept the walls with her collapsible spy-glass and rushed out, exclaiming to her companion, "Come, Grace, don't look at those horrid things. The room is just full of disgusting war pictures. Oh, I wonder *when* it will stop." You've probably seen that type yourself.

Two or three lost souls then dragged through in tow of their wives. Then there was a racket like a convention of niggers playing craps with celluloid cuffs—the niggers, not the craps. It was punctuated with a batch of shush-shushing and excited undertones—sounded like someone being carried out the back way in the dead of night. The noise grew nearer as we shifted our attention to a room devoted to an awe-inspiring display of **medieval armor.**



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Here the Head Shusher appeared. He was followed by a half million youngsters, two by two, with their hats in their hands and a look of martyrdom on their dirty little mugs.

It was the Jewish Orphan Asylum out for their monthly spree. I suppose some philanthropist blew them to the party. It was a free day, and lots of folks have rummy ideas on uplift for the poor. Everything went along as peaceful as a funeral until the last kid scampered into the room. He had the courage of his convictions. You could see that he was *bursting with speech*. He used both hands without obtaining visible relief, and then he erupted, "Oh, Abe, Abe, *lookit*. Lookit de guy wid de tin hat on his bean."

A gasp of nervous excitement ran down the line. Obviously the offender had violated all the rules for a gay time as laid down by the Directors of the Asylum. The helmsman at the head of the procession snapped his fingers thrice. You could have heard it three blocks away. He must have practised that finger-snapping act for years. Anyway, it had marvellous results. The offending son of Rachel gulped until his Adam's apple seemed about to appear in public. Then he subsided into a fair representation of a cherub about to take wing.

Meanwhile the procession whipped about the room like a string of dinkies on a mountain railway. It finally disappeared into an alcove labeled "Egyptian Antiquities," where the artistic education of Young America received another death blow to its enthusiasm.

By this time Clementine was getting pretty well enthused. She was progressing with the speed of an aged and infirm snail. Room after room, aisle after aisle, alcove after alcove, was disposed of. I checked them off on the program to make sure we didn't cover any of them twice.

Finally, after infinite miles, we crawled into a room where the loan exhibit of the day held forth. It was the real treat of the year, vouchsafed to an art-hungry public by the generosity of someone down East with three columns in Mr. Bradstreet's Blue Book. After giving it the once over, my opinion of the donor rose all of fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, because no one with any brains would *keep* the thing if he could *loan* it. While I don't know much about Art, I should estimate that the owner would gladly accept any offer up to a dollar and a half to make the thing a *permanent* loan.



In a place of prominence was a portrait of "*A Lady Sitting.*" That's what the catalog said it was, though I'll bet the cataloguer had to interview either the lady or the painter to make sure. She looked like the *grand prix* at an embalmers' convention.

Next to her was the full length portrait of a chap which proved Darwin's theory of the origin of man. Somehow the painter had dressed up an ape and backed him into a library. Darned if I see how he did it, but there he was, big as life. Clem looked at it long and earnestly. "Goodness," says she, "Ed, that looks a good deal like the Honorable Podunkus." (This isn't his real name. For obvious reasons we have changed it slightly.) The more you looked at it—especially from a distance, which is the way to look at all paintings—the more you looked at it the more it looked like the Hon. Podunkus. But here's the really remarkable part of this portrait, when we looked it up in the catalog we found that it *was* the Hon. Podunkus. Whatdoyouthink o' *that*?

Well, while Clem was marveling at this fact there was quite a commotion across the hall. Clem ignored it. She was wrapped up with her admiration of the marvellous likeness of the Hon., but I couldn't afford to ignore *any* commotion—the only chance a guy in a museum has is that the place will be pinched. So while Clem inhaled the aroma of oil and varnish, I dusted out into the alley to see the excitement.

The excitement was composed of the remnants of the Jewish Orphans' outing. The kid seemed to be ill. At least he was sitting on the floor looking like a sick mackerel. Seemed like he'd fainted dead away—anyhow five females were running around and yodeling, "Poor dear!" and "Smelling salts!" That's usually a sign someone's fainted.

Poor little chap, I felt awfully sorry for him. Seems as if this was his first raid on an art museum. He didn't know much about the game and didn't know how to appear to appreciate it. By exercising great stealth, he'd busted loose from the party and had rambled into a side room where a long-haired lute was hanging

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pictures. Here his native instincts asserted themselves, and he'd casually inquired the probable price of a painting called "Three Men in a Boat at Sunset." It looked more like three eggs in a scramble, and I suppose the kid figured on taking it back to the orphanage for breakfast—some of those paintings are wonderfully realistic you know.

Well, the artist looked at Abe and thought that perhaps his father was outside, so he said, "My son, that painting is valued at \$3,800."

Naturally the kid fainted. You can get a whole *house* painted for less than a tenth of that sum, and the kid probably knew it. He had it doped out, that "Three Men in a Boat," or three eggs on a raft—whichever it was—took about one twentieth the paint required for a house and would, therefore, cost proportionately less.

Well, I thought the kid offered a good excuse to get out into the air. So I went out and waited for wife. Pretty soon, after I'd smoked a box of cigarettes or two, she came out, looking as if she had seen a vision. That kind of disappointed me because I'd been sitting out front, hoping I'd see one or two myself. But I guess it was too early in the afternoon for them to be up.

Wife said that the exhibition was truly remarkable, and she asked me if I didn't think so too. I 'lowed as what I did, and pulled off that same old stuff about "a wonderful technique" that comes in equally handy at musicales or art museums—provided you say it right and keep a straight face.

In fact that's the main thing—when you go to an art museum or when the conversation turns to art—lay low, say something, but not too much or too often, and, above all, keep a straight face. It's a great life if you can keep a straight face.



WINTER COMETH—*Lay in a Binder for "Chips"*

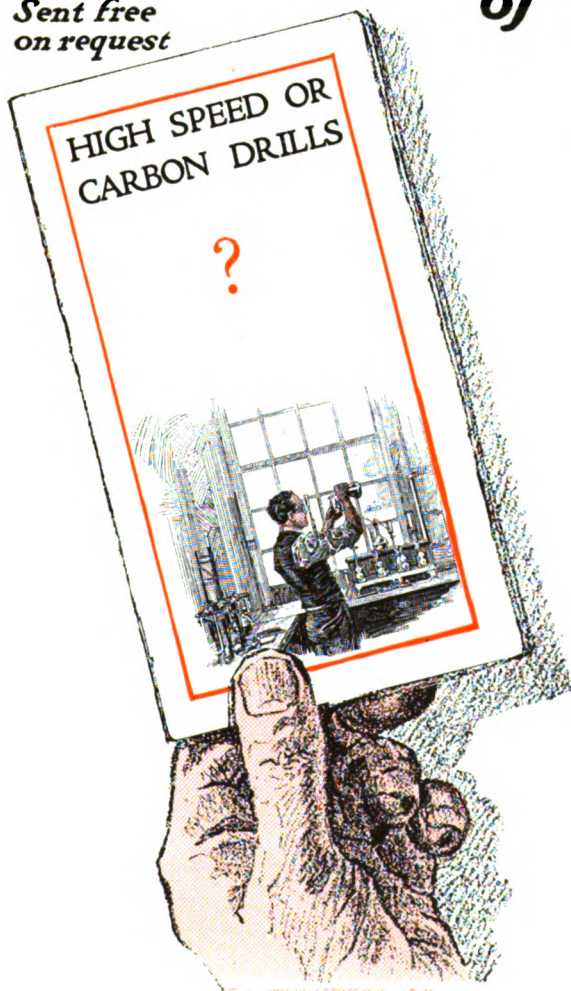
All well regulated magazines offer binders to their readers, that antique issues may be preserved and passed down to posterity as horrible examples of a terrible past.

We have the nerve to consider ourselves a well regulated magazine, and, therefore, we too offer you a binder for your "Chips." Think what a boon this will be to suffering mankind—for 50 cents you can store up enough "Chips" to kindle fires all winter and from what Prof. Garfield says about the coal situation, it looks very much as if you'd badly need a binderful.

There's enough room in this "Chip" binder to store away eighteen issues, yet they are furnished to the elect at the shockingly bashful price of only 50 cents.

The Very Essence of Brass Tacks

*Sent free
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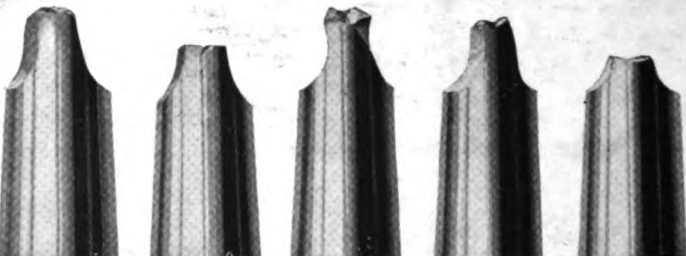
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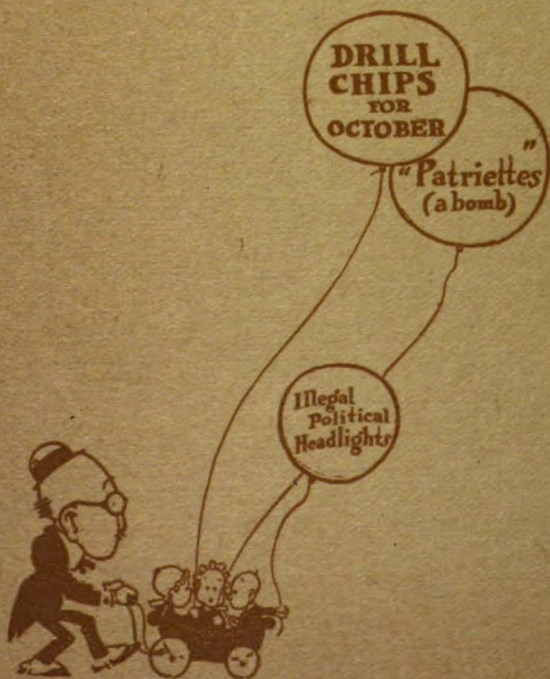
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Edited by C. H. Handerson

PATRIETTES

PATRIETTE—A profiteer on public sentiment

LAST month I attended one of these "patriotic banquets." At the table with me were ten or a dozen other patriots. Three of them were particularly fiery—if actions are any criterion of internal temperature. I remember one chap in particular—

He was a little fellow, skinny, with eyes set just far enough apart to operate without interference. His behavior was decorous enough until the speaker of the evening had finished his harangue. Then our friend, in a burst of wild, unthinking enthusiasm, grabbed the flags off the table and waved them until he was all red in the face from overmuch exertion. From then on he became a regular Marine for punishment. He ate fire and brimstone like a Bessemer converter. I envied him in his free display of patriotism, and I secretly wished that I were so constructed as to exhibit my own patriotism to better advantage.

Page One

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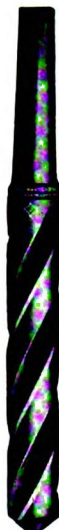
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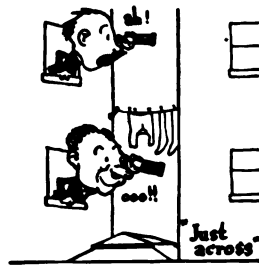


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Just across from him was another chap—another of those rough and ready Minute Men of 1918. I recognized him as one of our men-about-town

who defied the established laws of gravitation by existing without any visible means of support. But this responsibility in no way handicapped his enthusiasm, for, when we arose and sang soul-stirring anthems, he invariably flew to the table top, where he led a coterie of leather-lunged satellites.

Between courses he evinced a great interest in the nation's commercial prosperity, and held forth at length that it would disrupt the economic life of the country if married men were drafted. He was married.

Next to him was another Joan of Arc in pants. When the speaker of the evening lambasted the financial slackers, he—this modern Joan—yelled like a rum-crazed Apache. When one of the lesser orators cribbed eight lines out of Lincoln's Gettysburg oration, our patriotic friend threw a bun quite across the room in the ecstasy of his enthusiasm. When they passed the cigars he took two, and then smoked a stogie from his pocket. But, when it came time to pledge certain

sums to a great and worthy cause, he redeemed himself in my eyes by rising amongst the blessed few who promised to come through for five hundred dollars. Then I was sorry that I had so grievously misjudged him. Probably he was saving the cigars for the baby. Besides, after smoking one of them, I was forced to admire his discretion.

In due course the banquet broke up. Next day I received the list of names upon whom I was to call in an endeavor to obtain their subscriptions to forementioned Great and Worthy Cause. Fate plays funny pranks sometimes, and, in her usual glee, she had presented me with the names of the three ardent patriots who had graced the table the previous evening. I deemed myself unusually fortunate in having them as my meat. I had seen them in action. Doubtless they too would be out working like myself and would, therefore, fall easy victims to my blandishments. In the best of spirits I set out.

First I called upon the lean one — the one with the interfering eyes — the one who waved the flags at every opportunity. I found him in — but very, oh very, very busy. The office boy told me that. He wished



No. 403



H. S. Taper Shank Drill



No. 407



H. S. Three Fluted Drill



No. 417



H. S. Straight Shank Drill



No. 426



H. S. Oil Tube Drill



No. 436



H. S. Blacksmiths' Drill



No. 444



H. S. Bonding Drill



No. 930



H. S. 'Paragon' Forged Drills Hold World's Drilling



that I would "call another time." I did. He still was very, very, oh very busy. I said I'd wait. I did. I waited quite a while. Finally he came out into the hall to greet me. In my innocence and faith I suggested that he probably had his pledge all ready for me. But he put on a baby stare and professed to know nothing of the cause for which I pleaded.

After considerable meditation and argument he said he'd "think it over"—he'd been "under very heavy expense of late," he said, and besides he "didn't think the campaign was being handled properly." I bluntly reminded him of the previous evening when he had expressed such raging enthusiasm for the thing. I even professed some surprise that he too was not out working for The Cause. At that he crumpled up. He'd forgotten that I had seen him at the meeting, and he inquired casually how much I thought he ought to give. I broke the news gently.

It was a wonderful exhibition. Nazimova in her most artistic moments never registered awful anguish of soul and body as did this man. His eyes wobbled in his head. His chest heaved. "Business," he said sadly, "was flat." He "couldn't get freight cars to ship his many orders." He'd "overbought on Liberty Loans in the past." "And anyhow he just

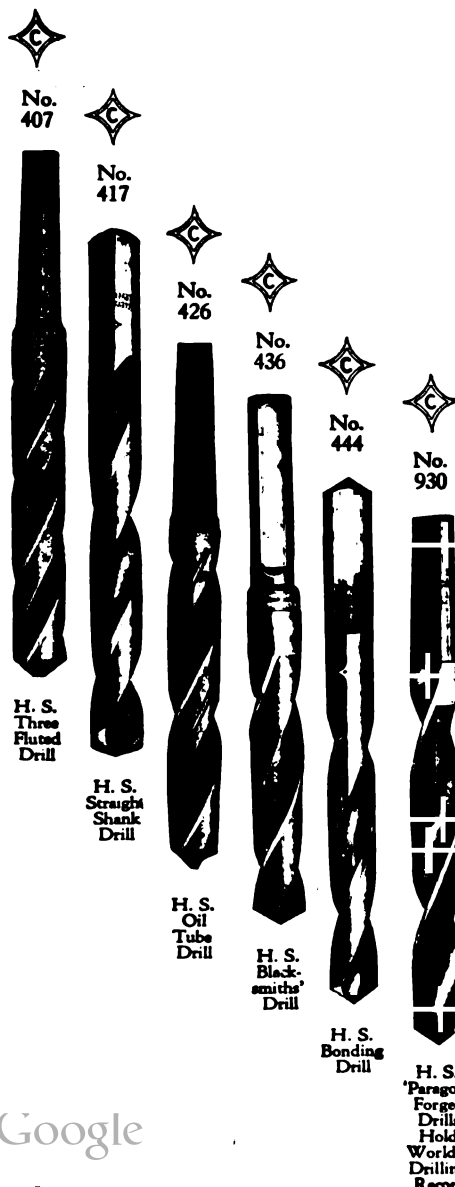
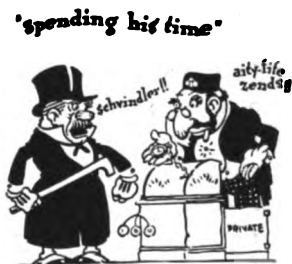
couldn't." Ultimately he offered to compromise on such a puny subscription that I departed rather than take it from him.

Then I passed on in a dampened frame of mind to the chap who sang so well. He was in his office. Why he had an office at all I don't pretend to know. I suppose it looked real businesslike, and he was desperately interested in the business welfare of the country.

He pulled a silk handkerchief from his dapper pocket and told me that he "just couldn't give a thing." You see he "spent all his time working on charitable and patriotic work and found it very difficult to make ends meet at the end of the month." From the financial standpoint he was a washout right. But, after one solid hour of repartee, he came through for an anaemic \$50.00 pledge, and then offered to drive me to the club in a high-powered motor car.

Next came the lad who had risen so nobly on the previous evening to pledge five hundred dollars. He was "just leaving town." "Very rushed." "Going on a two weeks' trip." A little strong-arm tactics, however, convinced him that the train didn't leave for several hours, and, by the grace of diplomacy and brass knuckles, I got into his office.

He, too, had had surpassing bad luck of late. (Did you ever notice that — how much evil fortune





there is around Liberty Loan time or when the Red Cross is up for help of a substantial sort? Seems to be a regular deluge of misfortune at such times.) I absently reminded him of the fat sum he was supposed to have made on General Motors. He waved it all aside as a fatuous newspaper story without the least foundation in fact. But finally his eyelids quivered, and he weakened sufficiently to ask how much he was slated to contribute. "Five hundred dollars," quoth I, remembering his pledge of yester even.

Then Hell broke loose. He rushed about the office as if he had the cramps. He raged. He roared like old Leo, the lion, at the Zoo. "Highway robber" was his favorite expression. He used it eight times in half as many minutes. Pretty soon he got to talking so tough that he awoke his puny bravery and became well nigh insulting. It was then that I recalled to his forgetful mind his verbal pledge made only the night before.

A ton carboy of peroxide couldn't have changed the complexion of things more than that innocent little reminder. He whirled around on one heel and actually beamed at me. I had his number tacked up in my garage and he knew it. He sweetened and gurgled over me until I thought sure he would try to kiss me right in public before his stenog. But he withstrained himself and said in a voice smothered with liquid honey, "Well, old man, I'm



Tang Insurance

A "Perfect Double-Tang" Socket insures against broken and twisted tangs. It guarantees full productive life from every taper shank tool regardless of the life of the original tang.

This policy is completely described in an interesting booklet called, "Rob the Scrap Heap." Gladly sent by

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CLEVELAND  TWIST DRILL
COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago



No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



No.
444



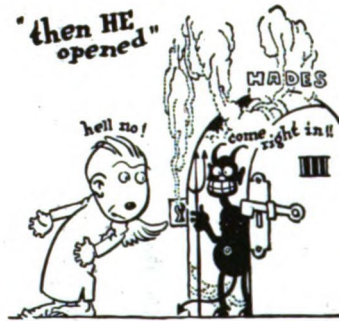
H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



mighty glad you came in. I'll send in my pledge by mail." Then he opened the door as a gentle hint that I be off and away.

He must have thought I was soft, but for your information I will say that he did *not* send his pledge in by mail. I took it out with

me, and it was for a fat five hundred, but the next chap who woos this rhino's pocketbook had best carry a gat, 'cause birds like him never get stuck twice in the same spot.

Well, the next week we had a parade to celebrate the victory of might over the tight. In the very front row of the reviewing stand was our dear little cotillion leader all done up in a green tie and an ice cream suit. His wife and several other wives were grouped about him. It made a very pretty picture. All the papers ran two column cuts of him presenting the trophy to the winning team, which reminded me of a certain ungrammatical misquotation—"He toils not, neither doth he spin, yet Solomon and all his wives were not advertised like him."

Leading the procession, and staggering around under an American flag that was eight sizes larger than any I had ever seen, was the chap with the cute little eyes. One guy wire on the banner was held by the chap I'd seen last—the one who was "going away for two weeks." Evidently he'd missed the train completely. And the two of them marched and hollered with the best of us.

That same night I met our cotillion leader again—this time in a hotel lobby. He was about three sheets in the wind. He was talking with a soldier lad home on furlough. By chance—aided by unusually good hearing



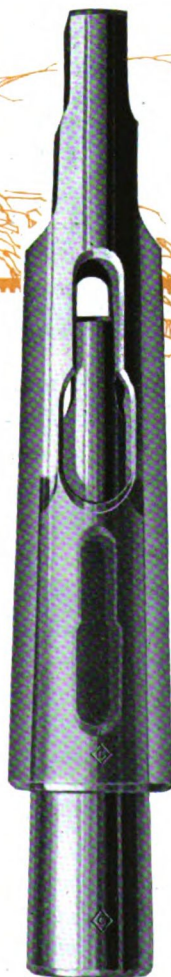
They Nest—

Yet that's only one of the many outstanding advantages of the

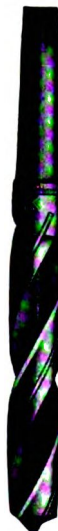
Perfect Double-Tang
SOCKET

"Double-Tang" Sockets nest into each other or into regular taper shank sleeves.

And they're so easily applied — just grind a new tang below the old and broken one, and the job's done. Simple, one piece and tremendously handy and effective.



No. 426



H. S. Oil
Tube
Drill



No. 436



H. S. Black-
smiths' Drill



No. 444



H. S. Bonding
Drill



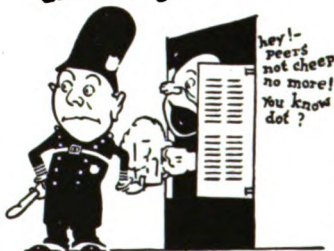
No. 930



H. S. 'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



"on the right side"



on the right side — I managed to catch a whiff of his conversation — "Yesh, old top, I've been working like the very devil for two weeks on this big patriotic drive. I've certainly done my bit all right, all right. And to cap it off, I've pledged more than I shall ever be able to pay. But in these war times one has to sacrifice. Eh, old top? One has to sacrifice" — this sadly and resignedly — "I'm

fighting shoulder to shoulder with you, my boy, for Democracy — thash's it, for Democracy and Humanity."

ILLEGAL POLITICAL HEADLIGHTS



IF you'll cock your left ear a bit to the right, you'll hear the sound of many hammers mingling. From afar comes the clatter of machine-guns, hammering ten-pennies into the casket of kaiserism. God speed them in their work!

Nearer, by a little, rings the hammerbeat of riveters in shipyard and factory. May God likewise speed them! And then, crashing crosswise through this symphony of sound, comes the anvil chorus of certain self-appointed investigation committees seeking whom they may devour. May God speed them too—to an early grave!

But above the din rises yet another hammerbeat. It has a half familiar sound. It seems like the voice of an old friend, long forgotten. And yet it is not pleasant. It is out of joint with the times. Perhaps it might have fitted well enough in that bygone

age when America was "safe three thousand miles away," but, today, it fits with about as much felicity as a pair of Taft's pyjamas. This homeless waif, this relic of the peaceful past, is the sound of many hammers—building *political fences*.

I say this sound no longer belongs, and I say it for the best of reasons—months ago we were authoritatively informed that this was no time for partisanship or politics of the peanut variety. For a time, in keeping with this dictum, the political fence-builders somewhat camouflaged their efforts, their noise was stealthy and muffled. But with age it has gained strength and boldness, until today it stands before us quite open and unabashed—

Last month a certain prominent politician, whose name has been deleted by our censor, strode grandly into one of the offices of our many war activities. Without delay he delivered himself of this stirring message, "I have in mind a girl for your department. I would like to have her located here."

"Fine," quoth the department head. "What can she do—is she a typist?"

"No."

"Is she, perhaps, a filing clerk?"

"No."

"Has she had any office or business experience?"

"No."

"What then *can* she do? We are not *she is a lady* a hospital you know." (bullshe-viki)

Then our politician arose, and rid himself of this non-partisan and patriotic speech, commendable largely for its frankness. "This girl I have for you is experienced at nothing. She is a lady. She is, furthermore, the daughter of my governor, and I *wish* to see her located here."

Non-partisanship!! Shucks!!



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No. 444



No. 930



H. S. Blacksmith's Drill



H. S. Bonding Drill



H. S. Paragon Forged Drills Hold World's Drilling



"Badly mixed"
(for der cheese?)



Again—a few weeks ago, an astute gentleman, much and—if his remark is any criterion of his cranial horsepower — *badly* mixed in national affairs, arose and proclaimed to the world that he had cornered the solution to all our aeroplane difficulties—to wit, the aero appropriation bill had not been *debated* sufficiently on the floor of Congress.

If debate were actually the solution of our aero problems, we'd now have birdmen jammed into the celestial firmament so doggone tight the pilots couldn't even spit with impunity; if debate were the touchstone to victory, we'd long ago have sequestered the last remaining Hun in the Smithsonian Institute; if debate were a vital factor in military preparation, *we've been preparing for this war ever since 1776.*

Yet this fence-building fanatic, with an all-consuming hunger for front page prominence and sensation, would remedy faults of design by debate, he would speed manufacturing by debate, he would turn back the hands of the clock and defy the established laws of gravitation by debate—all this he, who wouldn't know a Spad from a Caproni, a Caproni from a De Haviland, or a De Haviland from a piece of mother's mince pie, all this he would do by debate. And then they have the nerve to chatter of their patriotism and non-partisanship *über alles!!*

But let's be gentle with them, poor souls, for perhaps they have some excuse for their attitude. Observe, my friends, that the words *politics* and *patriotism* sound much alike. Mayhap that's why certain of those gentlemen who are loud in their avowals of patriotism find so much time for politics—like the needle in the soup which should have been a noodle, they have merely made a trifling typographical error.

But in any event November elections are before us, and I say to you, watch as never in the past for the man or group of men who too often or too loudly protest either their honesty or their non-partisanship. *Beware the blinding glare of the patriotic, non-partisan political headlight!* These men



who are sudden presidents of "America First Leagues," "Win-the-War Clubs" and similar new-born organizations may be all that they claim and more. I do not for one moment question that. But why, I ask, why make their patriotism the *only* issue in the campaign? If these candidates for the Congressional toga are as steeped in Americanism as they claim, why, Barnum-like, do so many of them try to stampede our vote by shouts of naught but patriotism?

Do not misunderstand me. I am heartily in favor of win-the-war and kindred patriotic planks in political platforms. Not only am I in favor of them—I demand them. But, for me, a Niagara of merely patriotic protestations is not a sufficient argument. Patriotism, allegiance, loyalty—all these things are absolutely fundamental; they are necessary foundations upon which to rear a political platform. But *they are only foundations*. Vital though they unquestionably are, they are not the sole deciding argument.

Like purity in meat loyalty, patriotism and allegiance are a requisite to purchase, but they are not the *only* weights in the scale of decision and election. Merely because I am vociferously patriotic is no guarantee of my fitness for office in other respects. Because I wrap my campaign in a package that is striped with barber shop paint—that is no pledge of the merit *within* that package, it is no pledge of my *ability*, it is no assurance of my *personal fitness* nor the fitness of my policies.

Wrapping political campaigns in American flags and seeking to sell them on this basis alone is naught but a rather raw and rank attempt to profiteer on our patriotism. The man who seeks election on a shoddy platform of George Cohan stuff, the man who demands our votes just because he is loudly American—is such a man any less a profiteer on patriotism than he who sells shoddy goods of other natures to the people of this country? Think it over.

We are in danger of being suffocated by the patriotism of certain politicians. These men seem to think—many of them—that all they need to do to win election is to entwine themselves inextricably in a flag, and forthwith election is assured.

When you come to think of it this seems rather unreasonable, because we, who earn our bread by the sweat of our brow, are expressly prohibited by



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



law from displaying this same flag in any form on *our* packages or product. How then can these awfully patriotic politicians garb *their* campaigns in American emblems, how can they spray them with patriotic symbols, how can they ask their countrymen to buy their *political* product merely because it is wrapped and tied in Old Glory? If that isn't commercializing the American Flag, in the name of decency what is?

Again we say that patriotism is a vital necessity in any candidate, but it is by no means the *only* essential. Therefore I say to the voters of this country, "Look beyond the purely patriotic, political package to the *product* it encloses. Inquire always into the candidate's loyalty, but don't stop there—don't be blinded by his glaringly patriotic headlight."

My humble observation is that the man who *does* most and feels most deeply *says* the very least. Therefore I am much inclined to feel that the chap who ballyhoos eternally of naught but his self-sacrificing patriotism is worthy of investigation as to his other qualities. He who comes before us with no argument but a plethora of patriotism, is trying to sell us his political wares purely because the package is popular and attractive. Such a man is attempting to profiteer on the present emergency and he deserves our suspicion. Be he a Great and Glorious Past Master of the Ancient Order of Pilgrim Fathers, I want to know more about him—I want to know his mental capacity and his aim.

If his aim is true, I don't care whether he's a Republican or a Democrat, a Baptist or a brewer, I'm for him—provided only he is better fitted than his opponent to accomplish this aim.

2 over-ripe
specimens



Today of all days is the opportunity to demonstrate the fitness of Democracy to survive. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the war will be won at the polls. Load our legislative halls with over-ripe specimens of the debating society's antiquated art, and we'll win—in spite of, but not because of them. Fill the same halls with fighters, men of few words but mighty in action—civilian Pershings—and we'll win, and



Back from
the Scrap in
Three Minutes

I can give you immediate Shipment—

Give me three minutes for every drill now useless on your scrap heap because of a broken tang, and I'll deliver you a drill ready for action.

There's no trick about it — you can do the same thing with a

Perfect DoubleTang
SOCKET

Three minutes, two hands and a grinding wheel puts a new tang below the old and broken one, and then a "Perfect Double-Tang" Socket completes the job and gives you a tool 25 to 60 per cent stronger than before.



No.
930



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Record



"mark you
this—
my friend"
(she said)

darn quick! The question of the hour is, "Which of these men is best able to give a *practical demonstration* of his patriotism?"

Again we say, buy no political party or candidate merely because he wraps his product in the Stars and Stripes. Buy no party or candidate unsight, unseen, merely because of the *package* in which it displays its wares. This is no time for pretty words and oratory—it is no time for debate and nothing else, it is no time for supple-voiced charmers.

Mark you this, my friends, one addle-pated fool swept into the halls of Congress on a wave of frothy patriotic oratory can do, and probably would do, almost as much harm as a clever alien enemy in a like position. Therefore I pray you, men, beware the glare of the patriotic, political headlight, lest it blind you to the sort of man who sits at the wheel. Beware the profiteer on patriotism who seeks to pass off shoddy brain-power under the popular and alluring camouflage of patriotism. Look beyond the package to the product, and then on still further to the man behind the product.

If product, package and man all satisfy you—*then vote!*



THE MESSAGE FROM FRANCE IS COMING

In order to somewhat lighten the holiday labors of the post office department we will shortly mail to "Chips" subscribers our 1919 Poster Calendar, entitled, *The Message from France*, bearing an inspiring preface written especially for it by none other than Charles M. Schwab himself.

Without waxing unduly vain or boastful we'll admit that *The Message from France* is by far the best of the famous series of "Cleveland" Calendars, and we imagine you will second the motion.

With it go our best wishes to each of our long-suffering readers and the earnest prayer that its short span of life may embrace a victorious and lasting peace combined with prosperity, health and happiness to all of you.

Get a German Choo-Choo for the Baby



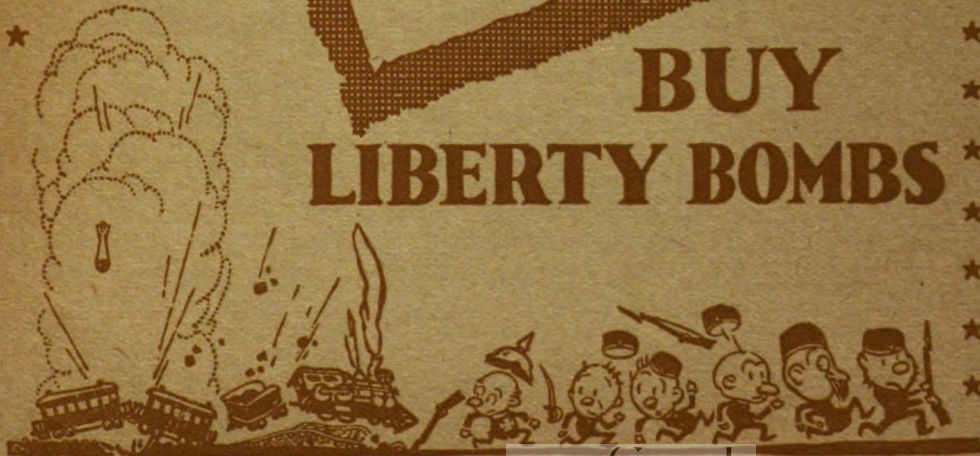
ONE German locomotive rolling innocently along in the sunshine, is the equivalent of five thousand German soldiers at the Front. The five thousand German soldiers cannot eat, sleep, breathe or fight without that locomotive. One bomb, anybody can buy for fifty dollars, dropped from an aeroplane on the locomotive, may send home five thousand German soldiers from the Front.

If every man of you will save twice as much money as you think you are going to, you will stand a chance of sending home, for fifty dollars, five thousand German soldiers from the Front. The way to win this war three years quicker is to make a supreme, quick sacrifice and get command of the air over Germany, and get it before Germany thinks we can.

The way to win battles from the Germans is to eat their battles in the eggs.

GERALD STANLEY LEE,
in The Saturday Evening Post.

BUY LIBERTY BOMBS



Tell Him to Come Right In
he's from

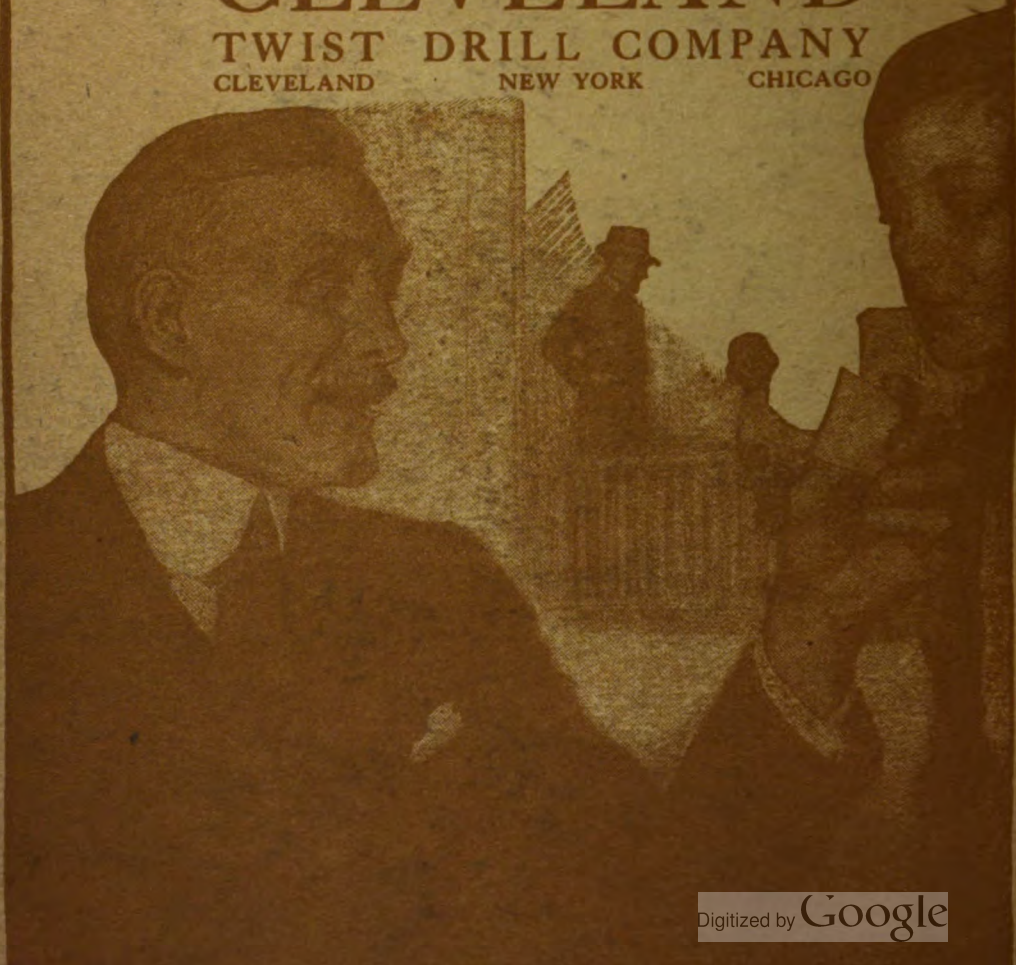
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31

THE HUN HIS MARKS

This issue is given over
to one of the most remarkable
Editorials of the year
as our man to another
I want you to read it
Every word of it.

Eddy

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an apostle of the doctrine that
MORE HOLES PER DRILL



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Edited by C. H. Handerson

MR. BUYER, IT'S UP TO YOU

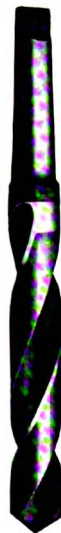
ROY F. SOULE, in *Hardware Age*

THE other night one of General Pershing's boys went out into No Man's Land. He didn't come back. Three hours later a searching party went out to find him. That boy had been killed and his body hacked to bits. His comrades gathered up the remains and brought them back in a sack. That brave young American was chopped to pieces with German cutlery. Before the war we bought two million dollars' worth of German pocket cutlery each year.

In the past three years American factories have vastly increased their output of pocket knives. Patterns have been simplified; quality has been improved, an American industry has been encouraged and developed; "Made in Germany" on a knife blade carried in an American pocket has become but a distasteful memory.



No.
403



H. S.
Taper
Shank
Drill



No.
407



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



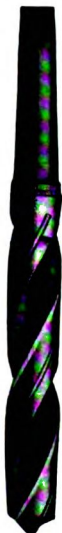
No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling

Shall we be customers of these blood-stained butchers after the war? I hardly think so, but it is up to you, Mr. Buyer.

A captured British officer was recently found with his throat cut from ear to ear. This brutal job had been done with a very keen-edged instrument. It was not the work of a trench knife. The ghastly wound looked as though it had been made with a razor. It probably was. Before the war we imported annually half a million dollars' worth of razors from Germany.

Since the war began, razor factories in the United States have enjoyed a greatly increased business. Their employees are well-paid, contented Americans. This industry must be perpetuated. German competition in the days to come should suffer a handicap in proportion to German crimes of to-day.

When the dove of peace lights in the pool of blood, shall we go on buying German razors? It doesn't seem possible, but, Mr. Buyer, it's up to you.

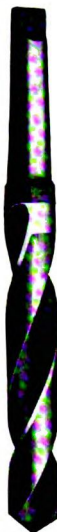
TWO Canadian Red Cross nurses outraged, their hands chopped off, and their tongues cut out, that they might never tell the hideous story of the frightful wrongs perpetrated upon them. In America, hundreds of thou-

sands of Red Cross workers are using shears and scissors to make bandages. Before the war we bought 600,000 dozen shears and scissors from the Central Powers annually. American factories making scissors and shears are busy places now, and they are making very good scissors and shears. After the war, German or American? Mr. Buyer, it's up to you.

BELGIUM, poor, brave, outraged little Belgium! When Germany threw to the winds a treaty she termed a "scrap of paper," she not only shredded her honor, but tore to bits business contracts that will never be pasted together again. America has fed starving Belgium. We fed, and clothed and cared for her suffering people long before we became her proud ally on the battlefields. Thousands of orphaned Belgian and French children have been adopted into American homes. In the days to come are we going to force these children to play with German-made toys? God forbid. American toy manufacturers have stripped us of the last vestige of an excuse for the purchase of toys from the Huns. Our factories are making more toys than we ever im-



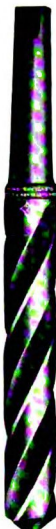
No.
403



H. S.
Taper
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No.
407



H. S.
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Fluted
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417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Blacksmiths'
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record



ported, and they are not the flimsy gim-cracks we formerly bought from abroad. They are largely exercise toys which develop a child's body, or mechanical or structural toys which train the mind. Before the war we imported eight million dollars' worth of toys from the Central Powers. Who will make our kiddies' toys in the days to come? Once more, Mr. Buyer, it's up to you.

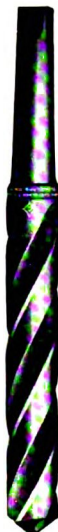
A FEW weeks ago the Llandoverly Castle, a Red Cross hospital ship, was sunk by a German submarine. That great ship was fully equipped to care for wounded, suffering soldiers. Its only passengers were doctors and nurses. It was marked with a great red cross made of red electric lights. The sides of that ship were illuminated, showing for miles away the character of the vessel. There was no possible chance of mistaking the Llandoverly Castle for anything but a hospital ship. And damn them, they deliberately torpedoed that ship and took American doctors from open life boats and abused them. The shock of this distinctly brutish act was a little softened by the fact that we have been pretty well trained to expect such atrocities from the Austrians and Germans, who have deliberately shot our doctors, outraged our

nurses, bombed our hospitals and destroyed hospital ships. It is Kultur spelled with a "K."

Before the war we imported from the Central Powers practically every surgical instrument used in America, not because we couldn't make them, but because the volume of such business was comparatively small and the Germans made a specialty of hand-made surgical tools. The other day in Washington I saw the set of surgical instruments adopted by the medical chief of our army. Practically every instrument could be readily made by any of our plier manufacturers, and the orders are running into such quantities that they will be stamped out as are American-made pliers. In the days to come will those American surgeons who are seeing and caring for the thousands of victims of Hun atrocities ever permit themselves to forget sufficiently to purchase a surgical instrument made in Germany? Never! The memory of those doctors and nurses, who lost their lives in the Llandovery Castle murder, cries in protest even against the thought. The Germans may ship their instruments over here without identifying marks? Not if true Americans are in the purchasing department. Is Germany's surgical instrument business dead in America? Mr. Buyer, it's up to you.



No. 407



H. S. Three Fluted Drill



No. 417



H. S. Straight Shank Drill



No. 426



H. S. Oil Tube Drill



No. 436



H. S. Blacksmiths' Drill



No. 444



H. S. Bonding Drill



No. 930



H. S. 'Paragon' Forged Drills Hold World's Drilling

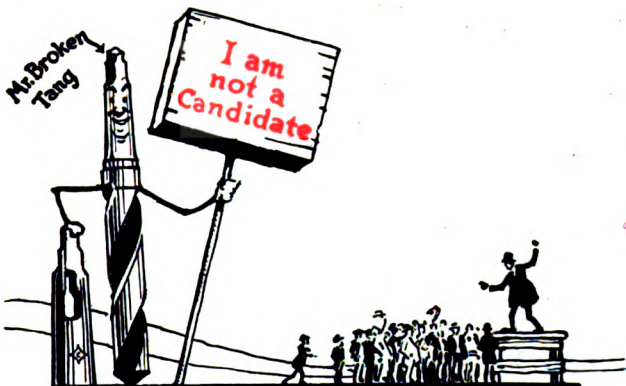


SAY, loyal American, how would you have liked to have your wife in the town of Gembloux when it was captured by the Germans? Scores of innocent people were butchered there. The raping of women and

young girls was common and continuous. One young woman was outraged by several soldiers, stripped naked and fastened to the door of her own home by a cutlass driven through her chest with sufficient force to hold the body to the heavy panels. Her breasts were brutally cut off and with her head hanging, and her hair flying in the wind, the body of that poor young martyr stiffened in death. Horrible, yes, more hideous than the Indian massacres that caused our pioneers to shudder in the early days of the West. Brutal and beastly. You may well thank God that your loved ones were not in Gembloux.

Before the war we imported annually millions of dollars' worth of kitchen enameled ware from Germany and Austria. These utensils were used in the kitchens of American homes. There was probably some of the same ware in the kitchen back of that blood-stained door in Gembloux.

Before the war American manufacturers had made great strides in the manufacture of enameled wares. Their goods were favorably known in every State in the Union, yet in almost every



I am not a candidate for the scrap 'cause I've been "Perfect Double-Tanged."

Though my tang was twisted off, three minutes at the grinding wheel put me back on the job stronger than before.

Perfect Double Tang
SOCKET

The most simple and effective of sockets. Its application involves no danger to the axis or taper of the tool. Just grind a new tang below the old and broken one. Simple, isn't it?

Better send for
"Rob the Scrap Heap"



No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record



American town there was a line of heavy-coated colored wares and of white enameled wares that came from the Central Powers. The blockade against their shipping quickly broke these foreign-made stocks, and the odds and ends were cleared up with special sales. Complete lines of enameled wares made in our factories have replaced them. Will German and Austrian enameled wares go on to our shelves again when the Kaiser and his Prussian war maniacs are whipped? Will we swallow the story that all the Germans were forced into these atrocities with absolute proof that the Bavarians worked single-handed and in apparent glee at many of these hellish outrages? It would seem that a good American would starve rather than foul his lips with food from a German utensil. That's the way it looks, but after all it's up to one single class of Americans, over whose doors is lettered the big word, **BUYER**.

POSTAL cards. We have used millions of them to say a brief hello to the folks at home when we are on the road. Postal card holiday greetings, postal birthday congratulations, postal cards that could be written quickly and mailed with ease when pleasure or business, magnet-like, speeded the use we made of our time. For the past three years postal cards have frequently told brief stories so direct in their wording that the full shock of their horror equaled or excelled those telegrams from the War Department which are bringing home to us the price we are paying for democracy.

He can't spoil the tool

He's only grinding a new tang below the old and broken one. He can't harm the taper or the axis with a

Perfect Double Tang
SOCKET

The job of reclaiming broken tools with "P.D.T." is so simple almost any boy can do it—just grind a new tang below the old and broken tang, and then the tool's again ready for business, actually *stronger than before*.

Again we say,
better send for
"Rob the Scrap
Heap"



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Blacksmiths'
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record



Imagine a postal card telling that your son had lost his third finger, deliberately cut from his hand, that a Hun might become possessed of the ring he wore.

Picture the postal that told you of the burning of the lunatic asylum at Obourg, Belgium, and of the frightful death of the 200 insane women who were being cared for in that institution.

Read the postal that might truthfully tell of that French woman, eighty years of age, who was raped at Lahoussoye.

Another mail and the postal that tells of the women and children at Mons who were forced to march on their own soldiers, acting as a screen for the German troopers. Read that the fifty who refused to go on were bayoneted. You might receive fifty postals, each telling of similar acts which can be verified. Read and then calm yourself to the statistics that inform you that before the war we purchased souvenir post cards and lithographs from Germany to the amount of nearly two million dollars annually.

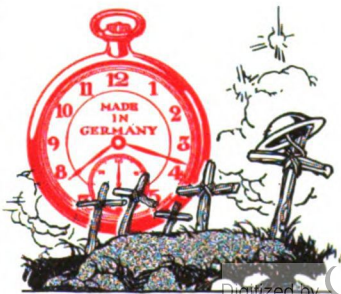
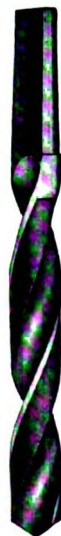
Do it again? Surely not while we are in our right minds. Sign our names to a postal card made in that empire of rape? My God no, and that we may never be tricked into unconscious violation of this just resolve, Mr. Buyer, it's up to you.

IN A little French village well within hearing of the incessant boom of the Kaiser's cannon, Isaac Marcossou, that great American writer, applied for lodging one night at the cottage of an old French woman. She greeted him courteously, but before she asked him to sit down, took him



to the side of her fireplace and pointed to the wall. Pinned to a little French flag were three little metal tags with the identification numbers of her three sons. Below each tag was pinned the French Croix de Guerre. As Marcossou stood at salute, paying his silent tribute to the immortal dead, and to this brave old lady's supreme sacrifice, she took from the mantel a French wrist watch. Her last boy had worn it until a German grenade had ended his brave effort to stem the unprovoked invasion of the land he loved better than life. One of his comrades had taken that watch from his wrist, wound it up and sent it back to the old mother in the village back of the Marne. It was still running when it was put into her trembling hands. To her the ticking of that watch, said Marcossou, is the beating of that boy's heart, and as it registers the passing of time it is also registering the passing of a cursed power that has been allowed for half a century to prepare colossally for the brutal domination of the world. Is this just another story to tug at your heartstrings? You be the judge. Before Germany and Austria turned loose their hellish hordes, we imported annually from them over a million dollars' worth of clocks and watches.

Millions of graves have been filled with brave young men who were alive, happy and ambitious three years ago. The wrist watches of many of those boys have come back with their little tin tags. There is no necessity for us to buy time-pieces from these peoples who have so titanically and treacherously caused the death of the flower of this century's manhood. There are plenty of good clocks and watches manufactured right here at home, and in the days to come keep that in mind. Mr. Buyer, you are going into the front-line trenches to protect us from such merchandise; in the name of that old French mother, *watch your step*.

No.
436H. S.
Blacksmiths'
DrillNo.
444H. S.
Bonding
DrillNo.
930H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record



"MUSIC, that sublime art which affects the passions by sound! Few who have not felt its charms and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart."

Music outraged. Raise the curtain of Kultur ever so little, and peek at those villages of France and Belgium occupied by the invaders. Before your ever-widening, horror-struck eyes is an unearthly panorama of encouraged lust. Villages burning everywhere, the streets strewn with the viciously flung bodies of the helpless inhabitants. From a house before you come the terrified shrieks of a young girl who is being outraged. Suddenly the door of this house is burst open and an old man is hurled into the street. It is the grandfather of the girl whose screams make your blood run cold. He is seventy-five years of age, and has gone to her rescue. As the forcefully impelled body of that courageous old gentleman strikes on the cobblestones, the crowd of half-drunk soldiers, on whose belts you see inscribed "Gott is with us," begin jumping with fiendish glee upon him. Their heavy, hob-nailed marching boots quickly reduce his frail old body to a battered, bloody mass.

No, Mr. American, these are not hallucinations of your own imagining. They are actual sights made hideously clear by burning buildings which are being wantonly destroyed. Then you see a load of straw on a quaint two-wheeled cart coming down the street. It is stopped. Oil is thrown over it, and in its highly inflammable state the willing hands of the Huns throw it into a cellar where a large number of women and children have taken refuge. And then, merciful God, a laughing soldier of Wilhelm, the Brute of Berlin, scratches a German-made match and one more absolutely inhuman atrocity has blotched the historical page of a couple of nations whose thin veneer of civilization has been scraped away in a war that is but a few days old. Where? Well, the name of the town was Charleroi.



And from up the street came the sound of outraged music from stolen gramophones, accordions and a pianola. The officers were singing. A musical entertainment in celebration of a victory.

Before the war, musical instruments, gramophone motors, player pianos; yes, we bought a lot of them from these twin nations of rapine. After the war? In the name of the angels who sing saddened music in heaven as they look down upon music outraged, no more musical instruments from Germany and Austria. Stop it, Mr. Buyer. Stop it for all time. We have the right to expect it of you.

You may well dread to go on reading this, but the straight, plain, horrible truths that have come to us fully verified have been kept out of print long enough. It is high time all our people knew of them.

AT MERLANT the soldiers of Germany amused themselves as might the arch fiends of Hell. Their last act in the neighboring village of Etre'py was to club to death an old woman eighty-three years of age. That particular group of soldiers seemed to be possessed of an inhuman desire to kill old people. They signalized their arrival in Merlant by tying an old man of seventy to the tail of a horse, which they beat into a frenzy of terror before they turned it loose, to drag the old man to death.

And the barbed wire of No Man's Land separates us from those soldiers. Over two hundred miles of such entanglements on the western front. Recently the Kaiser's factories put out a new wire containing a lot more carbon than had been previously used in the manufacture of such product. There wasn't a single-handed plier in the American army that would cut it. Word of the improvement came to us in America with samples of the wire our boys had obtained with bolt cutters. The problem was put up to twenty-six patriotic plier manufacturers who met in New York with a well-known young army officer. Every manufacturer present threw his patents on the table and said to the others, "Help yourselves." One week later those plier manufacturers met again and brought with them five American-made, single-handed pliers that cut the Germans' new wire with ease. The answers are beginning to come in, and those far-flung entanglements are going to be cut just as surely as the ever-increasing forces of Americans are going to be in on the killing. The armies of the Central Powers have passed their meridian. From now on they are going to taste some of the defeats they have inflicted.



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



But we were speaking of pliers. Before the war they were selling about two hundred thousand dollars' worth of pliers in the United States each year. Good-bye, business. Those American plier manufacturers who produced the tools to cut Germany's high-carbon wire are going to get what they are entitled to.

And the wire those pliers cut. How about German wire goods? In wire and wire articles they enjoyed about two and three-quarter million dollars' worth of business every year over here. There are wire mills and wire goods factories here at home who are a year or two behind with domestic orders merely because the needs of the Government come first, and Uncle Sam is getting their output.

WHEN our boys break through and sweep over that town of Sommeilles and give its inhabitants the first just government they have had since shortly after the war began, what are they going to find? Why, they will again hear verified the story of the two women and four children who took refuge in Mr. Adnot's cellar, from which they were dragged. German soldiers raped both these women, assaulted them under most atrocious circumstances. The children shrieked, one had its head cut off and two of the other little chaps had their right hands cut off.

Are we going to cut off the import of German and Austrian wire goods? Are we going to cut off shipments of German-made pliers into this country? Possibly we won't. It may be that we don't quite understand ourselves, and some perverted power unknown to us will keep up that old business relation, but my candid belief is that a great nation of men and women who won't forget are going to stand right squarely back of the fellow who is too busy even to see a German or Austrian business representative selling these lines. Yes, there's little doubt about it, Mr. Buyer. It's up to you.

A Bavarian soldier writing home from Belgium, said: "I have bayonnetted seven women and four young girls in five minutes." Great, brave, heroic representative of his country, wasn't he?

A woman over ninety years of age bayonnetted in bed.

At Senlis, France, a civilian tied to a post and bayonnetted. His stomach torn open. At Morelle, a civilian shot for helping a wounded French soldier. Across the street a little lame boy wantonly murdered.



It seems endless. There are so many scores of these outrages on record that the overwhelming evidence first sickens and then shocks us to the stern necessity of cleaning this mess up for all time.

MANY Americans have motored over quaint, beautiful, picturesque old France and through the busy, thrifty, interesting little Kingdom of Belgium. Many are motoring there now, driving or riding in conveyances branded with the Red Cross, which is respected by all allied armies and disrespected by those hell-hounds of the Central Powers. These motors roll on rubber-tired wheels.

Gives us another thing to think of—rubber—made into hot-water bottles, hose, gloves, tires and a hundred common items of commerce. Before the war three and a half million dollars of our money found its way to Germany each year to purchase rubber goods. After the war—well, we will ride over those battlefields on more rubber tires to pay our tribute to those brave men who fought and died there. We will visit those towns where Germany and Austria mocked God and shook their mailed fists in the face of civilization. But we won't ride on German-made tires, and here at home "Made in Germany" on a thing of rubber will rob it absolutely of any commercial value. Keep it out. We don't want it now, and we won't want it then. Mr. Buyer, it's up to you.

In a recent speech John Kendrick Bangs said: "I want to tell you what the Hun is doing—tell you what kind of an enemy we are up against at the end of four years. Six weeks ago I held on my knee a little boy who, only seven years old, was playing in a little village that had not been bombarded. Then the Huns dropped bombs from their airplanes and killed some of the old men and women in his town. After they had passed, the child was allowed to run out and play. On the road he found a toy—one of those toys we used to get at our children's parties, with fancy caps and verses in them. He picked it up—as he was intended to do. He thought it was a toy—as it was intended that he should. Then he tried to break it apart—as it was also intended that he should do. Five hours later, when that little fellow regained consciousness, there was only one finger left on his left hand. All the rest had been blown to pieces."

Is there a man with good red blood in his veins who would not go over to help put such beasts out of existence as could do such a thing as this?

The airplane that carried that vicious toy could hardly be made without the use of aluminum. Other Hun machines built of more aluminum have bombed



No.
930



H. S.
Parago
Forge
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Hold
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defenseless cities in England. Still more of them have successfully attacked hospitals and dressing stations. They have been at it for three years and their air raids have been carefully planned, vicious murders. Their victims have been civilians, women, little children, wounded soldiers, doctors and nurses.

Before the war they sold us nearly four million dollars' worth of aluminum and aluminum wares every year.

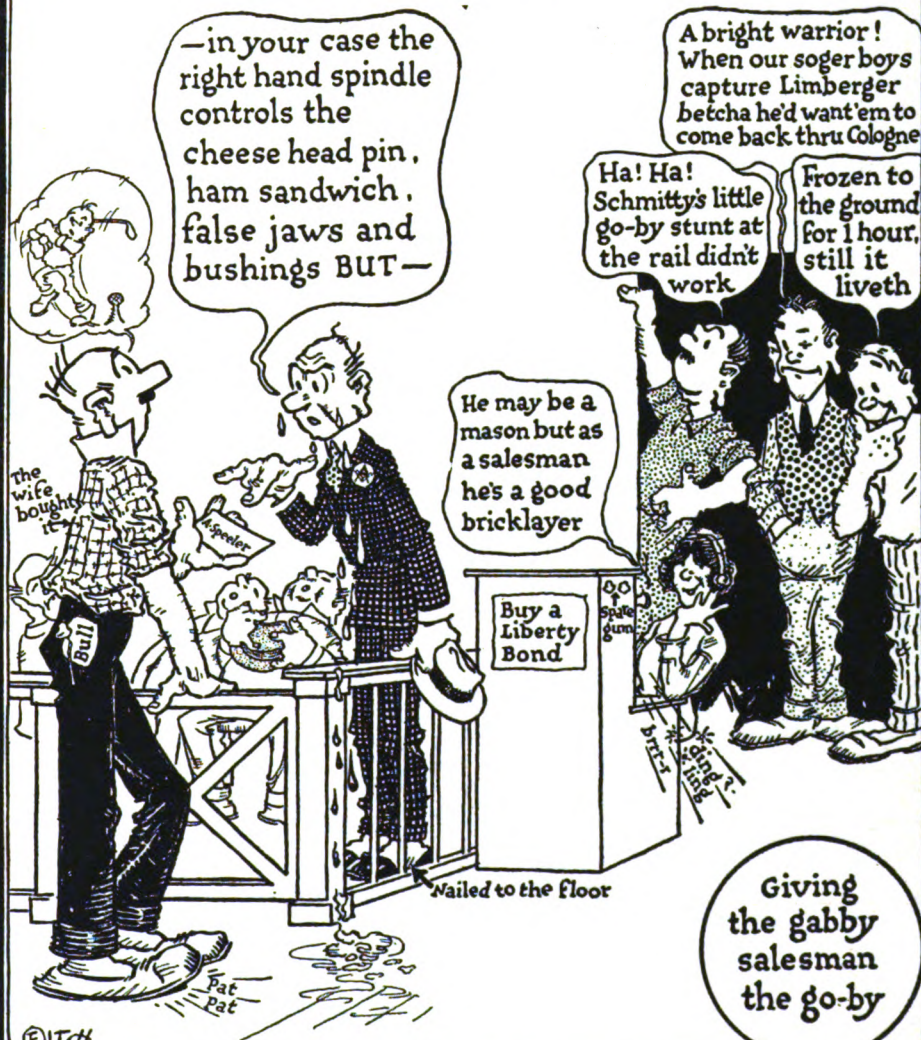
There's no excuse, when peace comes, to cast a gentle mantle over a world so horribly treated. No, not a bit of it. America has uncovered too much aluminum. American manufacturers have come into their own, and we are going to keep them there.

Some distant day, when the German Crown Prince has taken a German-made aluminum saucepan and boiled the Atlantic Ocean down to where the victims of German submarine warfare lie on dry land, we may forget, but until that time no more German or Austrian-made aluminum in any form. And still, Mr. Buyer, it's up to you.

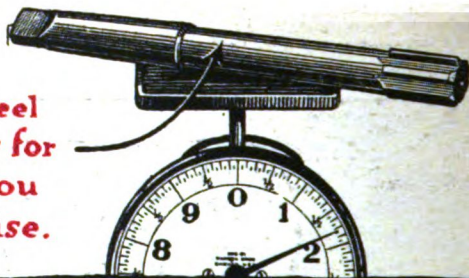
WE COULD go on endlessly matching each hideous inhuman atrocity with an article on which Germany and Austria enjoyed American business, but it is useless to continue to convince when we are already over-sold on the subject. We could measure miles of dead French, English, Italian, Belgian, Roumanian, Russian, Greek and American soldiers with a German-made tape, and then forever blacklist German-made measuring instruments. The sights seen through periscopes and field glasses have killed their optical glass business. The pictures taken with German-made cameras have killed their lens business. Oh, it's endless. The Germans and Austrians have repeatedly said that business is our God. Let's not argue with them. They aren't worth it. Let's allow them to continue the slander. Yes, the Central Powers may have their own way on that little subject. Our business is just sacred enough so that it will not go to Germany and Austria in the days to come. Price may control some things, but the purchase of goods by Americans from the Central Powers involves a certain thing as well known and as highly regarded in America as it is little known and disregarded in Germany and Austria. That thing is personal honor.

No true American would in any way knowingly impair that sacred thing, nor would he allow his fellow American to be deceived or imposed upon. Guarding this country against the trade impositions and deceptions that are sure to be attempted, are keen, intelligent, resourceful, competent men in whom we have implicit trust. Mr. Buyer, we are glad to put it up to you.

Our own official photographs of the battle front of business



The High-Speed Steel
you ordinarily pay for
- Most of which you
don't use.



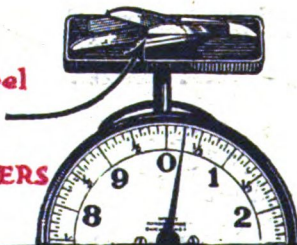
An Interesting Weigh

Above is an ordinary 15-16" high-speed reamer weighing 28 ounces. Below are its blades—the only parts that should be made of high-speed steel. They weigh 4 ounces. In other words, in the ordinary 15-16" high-speed reamer, you pay for 24 ounces of high-speed steel you never use.

PEERLESS ~~HIGH-SPEED~~ REAMERS

In "Peerless" high-speed reamers, however, you pay the high-speed steel price *only for the blades*. The high-speed steel blades of "Peerless" give you typical high-speed production, while "Peerless" alloy bodies give you a toughness and life that cannot be had in any other high-speed reamer—regardless of cost.

The High-Speed Steel
you pay for in
**PEERLESS
HIGH-SPEED REAMERS**



For "Goodness Sake"
send for
"BETTER HIGH-SPEED
REAMING"
You'll Enjoy It



DECEMBER
NINETEEN
EIGHTEEN



The
Message from France

DRILL CHIPS



BLEASE NODIZ:—Owing to the unsettled condition of the Peace market as we go to press, articles on after-the-war conditions are not guaranteed to withstand rough handling, hot water or long exposure to the sunlight. Being an editor nowadays makes that one-armed paper-hanger look like a loafer. If you don't believe me, ask the United Press!

DRILL CHIPS

Issued Monthly to the Elect as
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL

an apostle of the doctrine that
MORE HOLES PER DRILL



Additional Copies on Request

THE CLEVELAND TWIST DRILL COY Cleveland Ohio

Edited by C. H. Handerson

AID FOR ERIE

With Apologies to Lydia Pinkham

Dear Ed:—My husband expects to be called upon for an extemporaneous patriotic speech early in November. Worry over it has ruined his health. Is there anything you can suggest that will restore the girlish glow to his cheeks? Your help will be appreciated by your constant reader—
ERIE SIPILUS.

DEAREST ERIE:—I am very glad that you confided in me, for it gives me the opportunity of immortalizing and perpetuating for future generations the noble art of patriotic speaking as conducted under the rules and regulations of 1918.

In reality, public speaking is a simple science, the intricacies of which have been much overestimated. To win instant recognition, nothing is essential except a good chest measurement, a supply of quotations from Washington, Lincoln and Daniel Boone, and the ability to stop. This last attainment invariably produces prolonged applause, and applause—regardless of cause—is the lifeblood of oratory.

Page One



No. 403



H. S. Taper Shank Drill



No. 407



H. S. Three Fluted Drill



No. 417



H. S. Straight Shank Drill



No. 426



H. S. Oil Tube Drill



No. 436



H. S. Blacksmith's Drill



No. 444



H. S. Bonding Drill



No. 930



H. S. 'Paragon' Forged Drills Hold World's

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Fortified with the above fundamentals, I suggest that your husband exercise for fifteen minutes after each meal upon the following, which is a composite of fifty of the most successful amateur patriotic speeches delivered within the past ninety days. Urge him to notice especially the pianissimo passages and also the parenthetical remarks.

DIRECTIONS

As the chairman of the day reaches the words "*distinguished citizen and fellow member*," wipe the cold sweat off your face, smile daintily, but don't arise until your name is mentioned. When that horrible moment looms large in your eardrums, brace yourself, take two steps forward and *pull down your vest*. This will usually bring the table to your support and remove the bread crumbs from your running board.

In the interim the audience will be clapping madly. (It will sound like waves on the seashore.) Through the fog you will see a number of men leaving the room. Don't let that disconcert you. They are the waiters, and probably don't *parley vous* English. As the enthusiasm wanes—except for the red spot in the balcony where your wife and sister are

planted—pick up your napkin, roll it between your palms and throw it on the table as if it had bitten you. This is considered exceedingly good form and an indication that you are a he-man.

Then clear your throat, ease your Adam's apple by a graceful arching of the neck, and survey the crowd for 38 seconds with a pleased but very haughty expression. This will establish you in their minds as a man of parts with a well digested message. Then begin. You may have to begin two or three times, but cover your difficulty with a slight coughing. The crowd will appreciate that you have a cold, and are unselfishly endeavoring to make your message penetrate every corner of the room. Then begin as follows:—

"Gentlemen, fellow members, guests, and last, but by all means least, the fair members of the gentler sex whom I see in the gallery, I salute you and I deem it a rare privilege to undress (cough) to address you this evening (cough) afternoon.

"The mention of my name by your chairman came as a distinct shock to me, for I came totally unprepared—ah—ah—to address you, but, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I none-the-less regard it as a distinct *privilege* to be asked to speak to you upon



H. S.
Taper
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H. S.
Three
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H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



H. S.
Blacksmiths'
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



(consult notes) upon — upon the “WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY” — (pause) — and I deem it a particularly happy choice of subjects, because it is indeed a wonderful opportunity to appear before such a *distinguished* gathering.” (Wild applause.)

NOTE: Now place both hands upon the table, lean far over the edge—being careful to keep your feet on the floor, and whisper—in the confidential manner of a spoony souse in a cabaret:—

“The wonderful opportunity of the moment is (cough) is (consult notes) is **TO WIN THE WAR.**” (Yell this last with the rising crescendo note of a runaway fire siren. Three minutes’ sustained applause will be assured. While the rafters ring, drink casually out of your neighbor’s glass and knock some cigar ashes on his head to show your appreciation. Then, fortified by the approval, continue:)

“With calm deliberation, and without the least tinge of braggadocio, and certainly without any spirit of *gallery play*, I am convinced that there are but *nine* things which must combine to win the war. Some, (disdainfully) who would pose as prophets in our midst, insist that there are ten or a dozen, but, gentlemen—and ladies—(Theda Bara smile here)—after personal conversations with some of our



*There is a
Burbank
in the tool
business—*

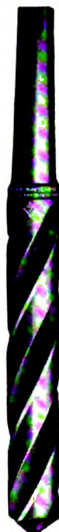
Can you use him?



Page Five



No.
407



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



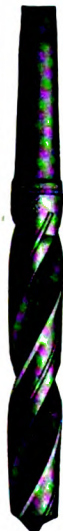
No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Blacksmiths'
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
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Hold
World's
Drilling



foremost captains of industry, I am convinced there are but—*six* things which will win this war.” (Pause while this tremendous thought soaks in.)

“*First*—and here I speak *ex cathedra* as it were, and *purely* from my personal opinions, we must increase (consult notes)—we must decrease our consumption of *spiritual liquors* (scattered applause). Last year the total consumption of intoxicated lickens were—*was* simply astounding. Think —(tremolo-stop here)—*think*, I beg of you, of the poor little children, think of (consult notes)—of *the poor little children*. The view is awful to contemplate.

“*Fifth*, we must increase our export trade. Last year from the country in immediate juxtaposition to Abyssinia and the Rio Grande we imported over ten tons of *asafetida*. Think of that for a moment—*two tons of asafetida*! That’s over 5,000 pounds at the lowest estimate. This must be stopped. (Consult notes.) *A stop must be put to this traffic in souls*. No man who is a man can go home at night (cough)—no man who is a man can see the suffering written *in letters of blood*—(Consult notes. Cough. Take a drink.) No man who is a man (consult notes and wipe the lather off your brow)—**NO MAN WHO IS A MAN CAN GO HOME AT NIGHT** with the graven images of these things seared into his mind. (Sigh with satisfaction.)

"Third, we must, *above all else*, increase our merchant marine. In the year 1832, this country imported from abroad (consult notes) \$4,000,000 worth of raw material. In 1896, \$6,000,000 worth of related products. In 1896, \$10,000,000 worth of the same. In 1890 (consult notes)—in *nineteen ninety-seven*, little short of *fifty million dollars' worth*. Isn't that an astounding record for a nation as rich in mineral resources as is this great and glorious country of ours?!!!"

"As Washington once said (cheers), 'Don't fire, Gridley, until you see (consult notes)—*until you see the whites of their eyes.*' And that's a pretty good motto for the American people to carry home with them tonight—this afternoon."

"As I said before, the duty of the American nation is to buy Liberty Bonds and War Shavings stamps *until it hurts*. And what, I say, does it mean to *hurt*? (Consult notes.) Webster—the immortal Webster who has illuminated all history with his contribution to American history—says that to *hurt* is to *pain*. What then, I repeat, what then better evidence have we of this fact?!"

"It logically follows (consult notes)—I am reminded of a story. Some of you may possibly have heard it. If so, I beg your indulgence and pardon." (Look up and see your wife smiling approvingly. This will



No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Blacksmith's
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



throw you clear off the track, but you can always pick up the thread by continuing):

"As I said before, we must extend our *united efforts* to WIN THIS WAR. (Loud cheers. Consult notes and take another drink.) That, as the immortal Lincoln has said, is the duty of

every man, woman and child in this country. Nothing—*absolutely nothing* must stand between (consult notes), nothing must stand between—ah—ah—them and it.

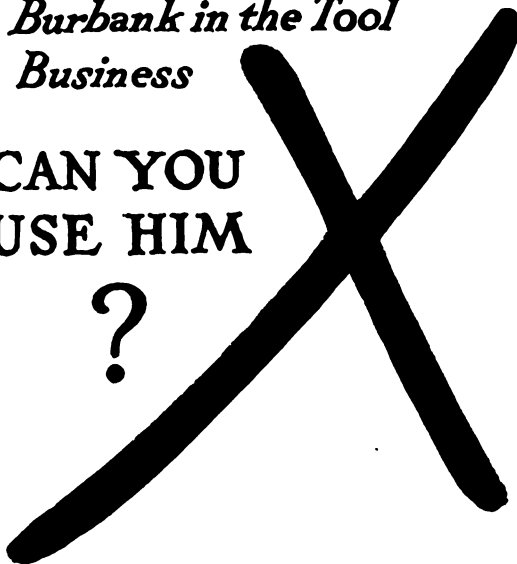
"And so it logically follows that of the four things most necessary to the winning of this war is the united *esprit de corps* of the entire peoples. We must be *one in body and souls*—and—anda—in everything else. It matters not in the least who you *be*. The question of the hour is, 'Who you *are*.' Are you an American, or, are you—are you (consult notes) *not* an American? 'That,' as Hamlet said in his famous comedy, '*that* is the question.'"

"The immortal Pershing said to me just before he left, he said, 'My friend, you know President Wilson, anda—I know him. He is the last man to impute to small motives.' And I replied, 'General'—the General, you know, is an old friend of our family, in fact my wife is *closely related* to him by marriage—and the General looked out over the crowd and exclaimed, 'Hell, Heaven anda—Hell, Heaven anda (consult notes) *Hell, Heaven* anda (cough) HELL, GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH.' (Resounding applause.)

By crossing one type
with another, Luther
Burbank produces
entirely new types
that *combine the best*
points of *both* parents

*And there is a
Burbank in the Tool
Business*

CAN YOU
USE HIM
?



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Patents



"And now, fellow citizens, let us leave with this thought in our minds this afternoon. If I have done nothing else this morning except distill you with a love of country, I feel, as Patrick Henry said, that I shall have lived in vain. And now if Mr. ah—ah—ah (cough) your *beloved* president will permit, I would like to arise and sing with you, that greatest of all psalms, that exhortation written in a dark hour of trial by that noble and world-renowned patriot, Sir,—that is to say—Mr. Francis—Mr. Francis (consult notes) Mr. Francis Key, that noble chant of our father (consult notes) the **Star Spangled Banner**. (Great applause.)

"I thank you."

(Sit down.)



I DON'T know how you feel, but I'll be frank to confess I'm getting sort of groggy. You see I've tried to keep decently informed on topics of current interest, and, until recently, I've been fairly successful. I know where Vimy Ridge is located, I can pronounce *Chateau Thierry* so that it sounds like a French pastry. I can say *Ypres* like a veteran, and I know a *Spad* from a wiener-wurst. All of which entitles me to respect as a current eventist.

Everything would be grand and glorious if I hadn't set out to get fully posted on this "*after the war*" dope. Right there and then I met my Waterloo. Every paper I pick up nowadays has from one to ten columns of inside inflammation on the subject. At first I started to read it all. Then I quit reading and started filing with *intent* to read. Pretty soon I quit filing and quit in-



tending. Then one day I threw out all the files and began attending to business again.

All that was two months ago. Since then I haven't read a line on the subject. As a result I feel as fit as anyone to write authoritatively on "What Is Going to Happen After the War." Besides, I have one or two ideas of my own. No one, to my knowledge, has as yet encroached upon 'em. They're old enough to be new, too. But you don't have to read 'em — though they may prove interesting. But whether you read them or not, I've just got to write 'em, 'cause, if I'd quit writing, I'd likewise quit drawing my salary, and if I'd quit drawing my salary I'd starve, and *then* think what would happen to the Nation!

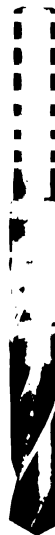
In the oceans of data devoted to settling this After-the-War question, everyone seems to have ignored the Average Man. Now I maintain that the Average Man is an important item. He's just as vital to the general scheme of things as the gold reserve, the balance of trade, our merchant marine and suchlike ponderous subjects, all of which are in wide use in "after the war" discussions. Moreover, there are some several million of these Average Men creatures paddling about the country. No one of them alone and unaided is of sufficient moment to stop a clock, but, in the aggregate, we Average Men elect presidents, we give women the vote, and we otherwise manage to make ourselves conspicuous.

In dopping out what will happen in the next six months, why not forget the gold reserve? It is nothing but a reaction from the aggregate action of this Average Man. Why not forget trade balances, the relation of the moon to the sun, and the latest statistics on prairie dogs? All these micrometer calculations are based on only one thing—the actions and reactions of the Average Man.

Therefore, since the Average Man is the mainspring of the universe, may we not logically arise from the rear seat



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smith's
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record



and ask, "What is the *Average Man* going to do and how is he going to act—now that Peace is here?

Sounds like a reasonable question, doesn't it? It doesn't take an economist or a post-graduate in spherical geometry to understand the average man and his actions. He's a common critter, and his performances under given conditions are a matter of more-or-less general experience and knowledge. So, if for no other reason than argument, let's

recall our actions the day Peace was declared and determine what they presage for the future.

First of all, the newsboys were running around like beheaded chickens. You bought a paper and I bought one. The streets were jammed with people—all buying papers and running around to buy some more. I met you and you met me. We embraced and smashed each other's hats down over our eyes to express our joy. All the bars were bulging with celebrants. You called up the office and told them the news. I did the same. Then we called up our wives. After that we bought some more papers and rushed out to the office again. Here all the gang got in a group and read the headlines out loud. The boss was found curled up in a knot in his office, chewing a pencil and wondering if he doped it out right. Nobody did any work, and nobody cared. That night we put the kids to bed early and ran down town to see the crowds. Oh, 'twas *some day!*

For about a month we'll all be drunk with joy. But soon some of the wiser of us will suddenly awake to the realization that we are unpardonably flush, for look—we have \$500 of the first Liberty Loan, \$1000 of the second and \$1900 of the third and fourth. Then we have a flock of War Savings Stamps. Total wild cash on hand, \$3600. Think of it, boy—\$3600 cash money, \$3600 cold. The longer we think of it the colder that cash will get. Pretty soon we'll begin to pity its chilliness and we'll begin to long to inject it into circulation. All of a sudden our year-



before-last Eliza will begin to look terribly dingy and forlorn. The front hall will need papering scandalously.

And there will be millions of us all discovering these same things at the same time. By night and day the business thoroughfares will be crowded with Average Men and Average Women—all of them in a holiday state of mind, all crazy with joy and gladness. The weight of the war will have vanished overnight. The boys will be coming home. It'll be County Fair time all over the Nation. In every village, township and farm we'll be feeling fat, happy and flush, and *we'll be spending the fruits of our wartime economy.*

And in the spending we'll be giving employment to millions. We'll be keeping millions of wheels turning. We'll be making the Nation prosperous. At about the same time the big corporations will discover that the unholy surplus they've been laying away for war taxes won't be needed for taxes at all, at all. So the Board of Directors will crank up and roll around and disgorge. You'll get a little of it, and I'll get a little of it. We'll meet and buy each other cigars and things — to celebrate the return of the golden age of Peace on Earth.

All those flocks of fair ones, who have been earning men's wages for several months past, will up and decide to buy their trousseaus, for Bill and Jack will be coming home — some of them — and the church and cash register bells will burst with merriment. And you and I will have to buy presents for the young folks, and the jewelers will begin to look healthy and fed.

Oh, when the boys come home t'will be an era of enormous, wholesale *celebration*. The whole Nation will hum like the midway of a state fair. Spending will be in the air, it will be the order of the day, *it will be the national state of mind*—and business will be good.

But now a cloud appears on the horizon. There's a shadow in the door. 'Tis the staff dyspeptic, shrouded in his wet blanket. Give ear to him and send him on his way. "But all that Liberty Loan money you crowds are spending—where must it come from? It must come from the pockets of your Average Man. The Government, powerful though it is, cannot *create* money. It can only pay you such money as you pay it. Those billions of



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



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Record



repaid Liberty Loans, *you'll* pay them, they'll come out of *your* pocket before they go back into your till again."

Right you are, my friend. Taxes *will* be heavy. Living will continue high, but you ignore the psychology of this Average Man. Yesterday all the nation was heavy with fear and fright. We were in a *tight frame of mind*. A little tax on our purse strings, and we saw it go and bewailed its going. Every nickel we spent shrieked to Heaven as it left us—which was well for all concerned.

But now that Peace is here—ah, now, my friend, that tax of two cents on our shaving soap, perhaps, will be laughed aside. 'Twill be a mere trifle. Our viewpoint will be changed. Our mouths will begin to curl up at the corners again. The Christmas spirit will be everywhere, and the psychology of the crowd will be the psychology of Christmastide, and tax collectors and profiteers, holdup men and confidence men, grocerymen and meat men—they'll all alike be the recipients of our bountiful spirit of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward All Men—

And as an unfailing corollary to it all will come Business Extraordinary to tide us over that period of suspicion, which so many dread as the immediate running mate of Peace.

Keep your eye on the ball, my friend. You know nothing of international economics, world trade, treaties, emigration and immigration. Keep away from these subjects as such. All these things have been given frightful names on purpose to scare you off and to give employment and prestige to men with bulgy foreheads. But all these high sounding *ics* and *isms* are based on one thing, all of them have their roots in a common soil—the actions and reactions of the Average Man.

If you can dope out what *he* will do—if you can plot the course of the Average Man for the next six months, you'll have the inside facts, and can act accordingly, and actually the Average Man is not so far off—he's just *yourself*, duplicated one hundred million times.



IT SOUNDS RIGHT REASONABLE

Some married men have so much tongue for breakfast and so much tongue for dinner that it is no wonder they take a little chicken for lunch.—*"Hello."*



Burbank in the Tool Business —

A Burbank in the tool business would take the *toughness* of the carbon reamer and unite it with the *cutting power* of the high-speed reamer—and then he'd have a

PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ REAMER

"Peerless" combines a toughness even *greater* than that of the best *carbon reamer* with a cutting power equal to the best of *high-speed reamers*.

The result is a super high-speed reamer, produced at but little more than the cost of its duplicate in carbon.



Better Send for
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We Won't Blame You If You
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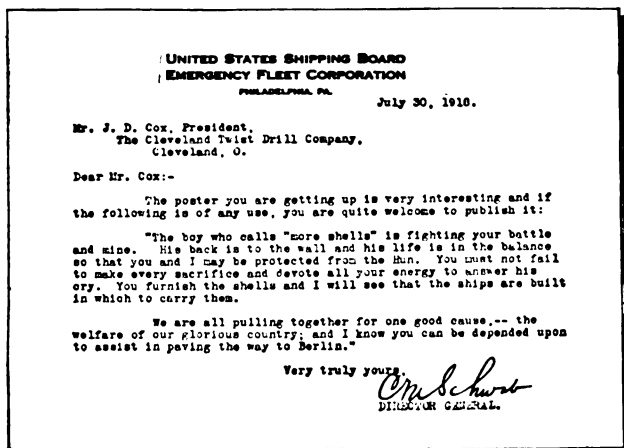
A CALENDAR CONFESSIONAL

GETTING out a calendar is about 18.9 per cent harder than getting out o jail. The key to the whole thing is the idea. (That's a trade secret, but we'll let you in on it.) Get the idea, hitch it to an artist, who can paint a drill so that it'll look like something besides a sausage, and the deed is did.

This year we had enough ideas to start an asylum. The difficulty was to get the artist. Any sign painter will volunteer to paint a calendar, but we wanted a chap who could paint all the hell of France and Flanders, a chappie who could make our calendar a permanent record of the trying days of 1918.

So we went to the barber and asked him to select the longest-haired maniac in town. Then we told the bird of his choice to paint for us "The Spirit of 1918"—and lo! the Yank who calls "More Shells" on our 1919 calendar stepped out into the room. Then we dropped a machinist in front of the "More Shells" scenario and told the artist to make the back of his machinist's head express "I WILL" with six exclamation points after it.

The net result was so good that little insignificant we were bashful about writing the preface. So we sent the picture down to Charles Schwab (you may have heard of him. He's a riveter or something down at Hog Island) and asked him to express his ideas. Back came this letter, this piece of introductory perfection—and under it the signature of Charles himself:-



And so, as a monument to the battled days of 1918 and a spur for the days of 1919, you have "The Message from France," with a preface by the only Schwab in captivity, and, as full measure, our heartiest good wishes for the best of luck in 1919.

Here's How It's Done

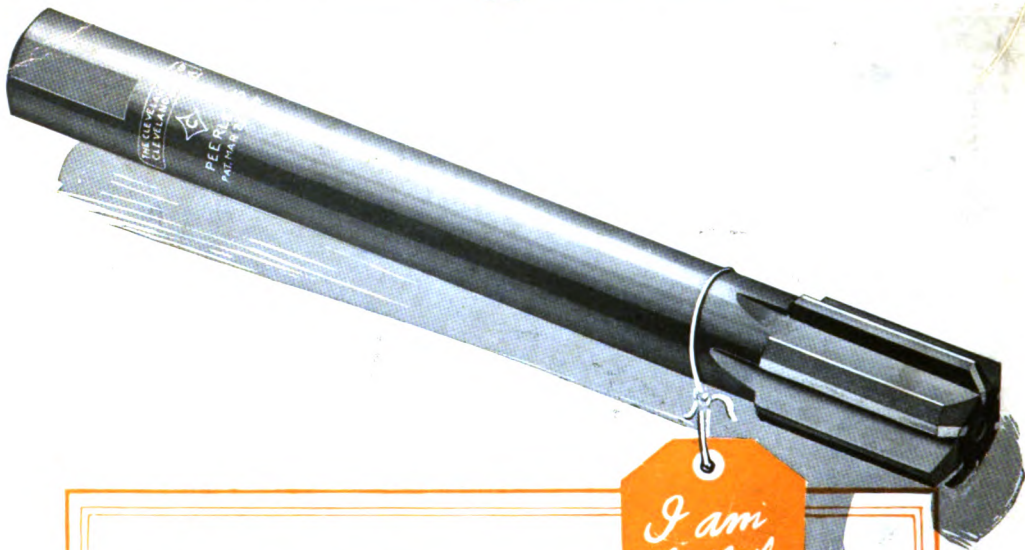


"Peerless" High-Speed Reamers eternally unite blades of selected high-speed steel with bodies of toughest alloy. It's a patented process known as "Brazo-Hardening."

HOW TO TELL "PEERLESS"

Look at the end and you'll find the blades are surrounded by a thin copper-colored line. That's a sign it's been "Burbanked" and that it links the toughness of the carbon reamer with the typical cutting power of the finest high-speed reamer.

Send for
"Better High Speed Reaming"
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Honestly now

Haven't you paid for brittleness and breakage in high-speed reamers long enough—too long in fact? Henceforth don't say "high-speed reamer," say

*I am
built for
high speed
at low
cost—*

PEERLESS ~~HIGH~~ ~~SPEED~~ REAMER

That'll get you a high grade high-speed tool of tremendous toughness and life. It'll get you a tool that you can use on "the toughest job in the shop."

Furthermore, because of certain patented manufacturing processes, this tool will cost you less to buy and less to use. It'll prove to be one of the *best buys you ever made*.

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